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A YEAR OF DECISION

JOTTING down their "fixtures" in their diaries for 1948, Mr. Attlee and his colleagues may well feel that the pages already look crowded with administrative problems. The legislative programme before Parliament this year is comparatively light, with the Steel Nationalisation Bill the one big controversial measure distantly in the offing; but there are hosts of day-to-day administrative issues, and by the handling of these, clumsy or adroit, the Government will be judged in the eyes of the electorate. Public control of rail transport must be vindicated by more efficient services. The new Health system must be brought into practical operation by Mr. Bevan. Housing priorities and the maintenance of an adequate rate of construction in face of material shortages must be a constant pre-occupation. If the targets set for British production and foreign trade in 1948 are to be attained, and (above all) if we are to be sure of being able to deliver the right sort of goods at the right times, at the right places, and to the right persons, there will have to be a sensitive and well-considered control over allocations of raw material. Equally, the Minister of Labour has yet much to do in bringing about the necessary redeployment of man-power to meet the exigencies of the situation. Neither he nor the Minister of Agriculture can afford to sit back and watch passively the effects of the measures they have taken. Least of all, can Mr. Strachey look forward to a year without anxiety. Faced with unpredictable chances and changes in the outlook for supplies, for example, of Argentine meat, he has the additional worry lest what is gained on the Russian swings may be lost on the Canadian roundabouts, if no means can be devised for providing Canada with dollars from next April onwards.

With all these problems we have no doubt the Government will grapple energetically. As we observed last week, Ministers can justifiably claim that much has already been done to set Britain's own house in better order; and, with Sir Stafford Cripps as economic co-ordinator-in-chief, there is room for sober confidence that the national machine will continue to gain momentum and efficiency under vigilant Departmental supervision. The danger is that the mere volume and complexity of the administrative work which has to be done may tend to blind Ministers to the fact that history will judge them not by coal or calories, houses or train-mileage wrung from difficult circumstances, but by the vision and resolution which they display in seizing what may be the last chance to arrest the drift of civilistion towards a third world war. Just as Ministers concerned with the people's bread and butter may plead that their hands are fully occupied with day-to-day improvisations, trade pacts and adjustments of man-power and production, so the Foreign Secretary may argue that the immediate practical tasks which confront him in the Middle East, in Germany and elsewhere are sufficient unto the day. We disagree. The great decision which the Government must take in 1948 is whether to pursue a hand-to-mouth policy which spells ultimately acceptance of a world split into two hostile ideological blocs heading for eventual war, or whether it will take the initiative, in the one area in which its influence can be decisive.

In much of the world there is no longer room for a middle way. For instance, in China the contest—in which Britain can play no effective part—lies between mediaeval feudalism and peasant Communism, whose spread American intervention may delay but cannot in the end avert. It is in Western Europe alone that positive British action could bear fruit. If the States of Western Europe, jealous of their own sovereignty and obsessed each with its own domestic problems, are content to queue up like a set of highly individualistic beggars for American charity, then they will destroy all chance of their permanent economic recovery. To imagine that Britain and France can, each in isolation, be saved by the Plans of Sir Stafford Cripps or M. René Mayer from an indefinite dependence on dollar aid, whose consequence would inevitably in the end be loss of economic and political independence, is a fatal illusion. If the nations of Western Europe are to have any chance either of avoiding bankruptcy or of ensuring that any credits which may be forthcoming from the United States are used, as Socialists would use them, to lay the foundations for genuine independence and planned recovery, then they must work together, not in isolation.

A hundred years ago destiny offered an opportunity to Europe; it was not taken, and much evil followed thereafter. Once again '48 is fraught with momentous possibilities; and it is on the British Government that the responsibility rests, first and foremost, to take the initiative. If it decides to immerse itself in its domestic, piecemeal pre-occupations and to neglect what may only too easily be dismissed as the remote, less quickly remunerative task of working for Western European unity, it may reap quick profits in the shape of electoral plaudits at administrative jobs well done; but it will be sacrificing the future for the present. "Take what you want and pay for it, says God." The price of insular views and short-term gains in 1948 will be catastrophe.

Prospects in France

The French legislature—National Assembly and Council of the Republic alike—worked hard over the Christmas holidays; and though both the extreme Right and the Communists sought, for obvious electoral motives, to temper the fiscal wind in favour of the farming community, M. René Mayer has secured parliamentary endorsement for the substance of his financial proposals. Will they produce the financial stability at which they aim, or "save" the franc? The proposed super-tax (which may be paid either outright in cash or in the form of subscriptions to reconstruction bonds) is stiff; and, if the tightening up of the machinery for the collection of direct taxes, which is now promised, proves effective, it should be possible to check Treasury inflation, even though the salary increases which have had to be conceded to Civil Servants will add 110 milliards to the budget. Recent signs, however, of a flight from the franc into foreign shares purchasable on the Bourse indicate widespread lack of confidence in the currency or (it may be) in the longevity of M. Schuman's Government. The

Gaullists appear to be confident that the new taxation will have the effect of pushing the entire bourgeoisie to the Right, and the General's political staff are also making a bid to capture the *Force Ouvrière* minority group which has left the C.G.T. For the moment, organised labour is working hard; and, under the stimulus of empty pockets, coal production in France has surpassed its pre-strike level. The new minimum wage which the Government has conceded represents substantially what the strikers originally claimed. The question is how far the arrival of Interim Aid will enable the Government to overcome the rising cost of living, and how far the farmers, disgruntled by M. Mayer's tax plans, will help to overcome shortages by larger deliveries to the "white" market. Inasmuch as it would raise the price of imports, devaluation of the franc would obviously be a risky step; but the franc, at its official exchange rate, is demonstrably overvalued, and the increasingly unfavourable balance of French trade with such countries as Switzerland and Belgium suggests that maintenance of the franc at its present level may prove ultimately impossible.

Chaos in Palestine

British "neutrality" and the obstinate American refusal to co-operate in the implementation of the Unscop plan, are having the inevitable result. The Arab Higher Committee, dominated by the Mufti, is now confident that it will be permitted by the U.S.A., in view of its Saudi-Arabian oil interests, to prevent the establishment of the Jewish State. The Jewish extremists, who are at last beginning to understand the duplicity of American policy, are reaching the same conclusion. Hence violence and murder from both sides, and the terrorisation by the Irgun and the Arab murder gangs of that vast majority of Palestinians who would be ready to accept a settlement firmly imposed by Uno. The situation is rendered still worse by the attitude of the Palestine administration and the British Army. They have refused to recognise the Haganah as a legitimate defence force on the ground that they alone are responsible for maintaining law and order. Yet they have completely failed even to keep the main Jerusalem-Tel Aviv road clear of guerrillas; and, while they are systematically disarming the Haganah, they are permitting the Arabs to provide themselves with arms from across the border. This sort of neutrality is intolerable. Its hypocrisy is only surpassed by the attitude of those Americans whose Zionism is limited to denouncing it. Only an American decision to bring the matter before the Security Council, and to propose the immediate formation of a police force consisting of contingents from the secondary Powers, can halt the present rioting and prevent the disintegration of civilised life which on present calculations must occur after May 15th—or even before.

Kashmir Dilemma

Both India and Pakistan are rapidly getting i[illegible] an impossible position in Kashmir. From [illegible] military standpoint, the Indian troops are badly placed, with poor communications, and worse terrain, from which to fight. In winter conditions the task of dislodging the raiders from the mountainous areas is beyond them, while these same conditions give the raiders the opportunity of inflicting substantial casualties and unpleasant reverses on the Indian troops. But India cannot withdraw her troops, as would obviously be desirable, because to do so would involve a betrayal of her friends in Kashmir and a staggering loss of prestige. Any withdrawal might even mean the end of the present Nehru Government, through the fury that such an act of apparent appeasement to Pakistan would arouse. Mr. Jinnah's situation is hardly better. The greater part of the raiders consists of Frontier tribesmen whom he is anxious to placate, lacking the military strength to deal effectively with them—hence the recent withdrawal of troops from Waziristan. There is now no doubt that Pakistan has done something more than connive at the invasion of Kashmir. Nevertheless, even if Mr. Jinnah resolved to call off all support and to urge a general Moslem withdrawal, the tribesmen in Kashmir would take no notice. In any case, Mr. Jinnah is compelled by Pakistan feeling to ensure that the Moslem element in Kashmir not only get a fair chance at any plebiscite that may be held, but should also seem to get one. In this stalemate there is only one possible course which can avoid a terrifying clash between the two Dominions. Pakistan must give up the notion that she can by herself control the tribesmen along the length of her frontier. The North-West Frontier, if it is to be effectively guarded, must be a joint responsibility, and it is as much in Pakistan's interests as in India's to see uncontrollable tribesmen removed from Kashmir. This is particularly a task for the Joint Defence Council, and Mr. Jinnah would be wise to develop such a joint policy in the privacy that this Council affords him. Then Pakistan's regular troops could combine with Indian troops to clear Kashmir of irregular forces, and the reference of the dispute to Uno would be less likely to cause a permanent breach.

Henry Wallace's Decision

A bi-partisan foreign policy inevitably produces an opposition. Many times in the past eighteen months it has seemed desirable that American foreign policy should be critically re-examined, and Henry Wallace seemed the man to do it. But there will be very few today who do not see that his Third Party is 18 months too late, and can achieve nothing positive at the polls. It must be a matter of regret to most American Liberals that Henry Wallace has decided to oppose E.R.P. root and branch rather than to fight against Congressional attempts to misuse it. By declaring his candidacy in the shadow of the *Chicago Tribune* Wallace has put himself on the wrong side of the fence, along with Senator Taft and other isolationists. As a result, the Third Party will not even pretend to be the beginnings of that Labour Party for which so many have looked so long on the United States horizon; it will be only a guerilla movement on Mr. Truman's flank, which, if successful, will elect the most reactionary candidate the Republicans can find. For the election will not even be fought on the broad issues of foreign policy, but on the domestic issue of inflation and foreign relief as one of its causes. Here Truman's recent record is sensible economically and shrewd politically. His demand for real controls and his denunciation of the hopelessly inadequate Republican Bill—which he none the less signed—will not be forgotten as inflation inevitably increases its pace. But while the politicians play, American domestic economy and the whole foreign aid programme are threatened. Nor is there any likelihood that the economic leaders of the country, such as Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, will take effective action by raising interest or rediscount rates, since they fear "over-compensation" might bring on a slump.

The End of a Monarchy

The romantically minded may be tempted to treat the abdication of King Michael as one more example of a royal heart prizing love more than a throne. But, with all respect to the charms of Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, we take leave to doubt whether King Michael's decision to become Mr. Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was due solely or mainly to the reported objections of his formidable Foreign Minister, Mme Anna Pauker, to his proposed marriage. In his announcement of abdication, the ex-King declared "that the institution of monarchy no longer corresponds to the conditions of life of our State"; and, though the words may have been drafted by his Ministers, he may well have concurred in the view that the role of royal figurehead in a *de fact* Communist State had become an anachronism. The ex-King was popular with his people, and Rumanians will remember that he behaved with patriotism and bravery during difficult days in 1944. He has now retired with dignity, leaving King Paul of Greece the sole survivor of political monarchy in the Balkans.

Trading Across the Bar

It is thoroughly good news that the Trade Agreement with the Soviet Union has been signed at last, not only because we badly need the feeding stuffs, which should begin to arrive quite soon, and the timber, which should come in increasing quantities later, but also because it is of first-rate importance that the political barrier across Europe should not become an economic barrier as well, and that the Soviet Union, even in its present mood of anti-Marshall intransigence, evidently does not think it should. In comparison with this, the fact that we have made nearly all the concessions is of small account. What matters now is that on both sides the arranged delivery dates shall be scrupulously kept. Our pledge to deliver machinery and light railway equipment involves keeping a tight hold over the manufacturers on whom the delivery at the due date depends. This applies, not only to the Soviet Union, but also in increasing degree to our trade with a number of other countries, with which we shall need to make similar arrangements for what are in effect swops designed to save currency difficulties on both sides. The agreement with the Soviet Union should also help to open the door to trading arrangements with other countries in Eastern Europe, and to encourage a general growth of trade across the political frontiers that complicate world relations. For there are in fact now two economic barriers across the world—one set by ideological conflicts and the other by dollar shortage. The Marshall Plan is meant to break the one: what is essential is to ensure that in doing this it does not reinforce the other.

The T.U.C. and Wages

By the time the careful wrappings are undone, the Government may have some difficulty in deciding whether the T.U.C.'s "Interim Report on the Economic Situation" is meant kindly as a belated Christmas present or as an implicitly threatening New Year's Memento. It was never, of course, to be expected that the T.U.C. would agree to a formal wage-stop, or to accepting the authority of any external body which would override the sovereign rights of its affiliated unions in collective bargaining. The General Council, indeed, goes some way towards accepting the proposition that in present circumstances a general increase of wages would be untimely. Stability of prices, the Report declares, removes "from all persons—workpeople included—the spur and indeed the necessity to endeavour to maintain their standards of living by means of regular and substantial increases in their monetary income." On the assumption, then, that there is no glaring increase in the cost of living, it may be presumed that the General Council will frown on wage demands. The question is, how long the Unions can be persuaded to regard prices as "stable." Explaining that it has the right to intervene to this extent in politics, *pace* Mr. Deakin, the T.U.C. expresses the hope that by continued food subsidies, taxation and the encouragement of voluntary savings, the Government can succeed in preventing an inflationary rise of prices which affect the consumer. The official Cost of Living Index, however, is beginning to rise sharply; and the "caution and restraint" which the General Council urges Union Executives to exercise is unlikely to be proof against any large increase in food prices. How prices and profits are in practice to be stabilised is to receive the General Council's detailed consideration.

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BRITAIN AND GREECE

THE announcement of the formation of the Markos government and the renewed Communist offensive in Epirus and elsewhere are doubtless the first tastes of the Russian reaction to the break-up of the Foreign Ministers' Conference. In Greece, at least, the cold war has been transformed into an attempt on the part of the Communist guerrillas, openly encouraged by Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, to overthrow the Government by armed force. But whereas in the Spanish war of intervention, the Russian backing was given to the constitutional government, this time it is the Communists who are the insurgents.

Tactics and nomenclature change with the times. But in Greece, as in Spain, a civil war is being transformed into a struggle between Great Powers by the demands of geopolitics and strategy. Thereby the risk of drifting into a world war is immeasurably increased. Neither the Russians nor the Americans are prepared to "start a war" in the sense that one employs direct threats of force against the other. But in Greece the Russians apparently calculate that their chance of achieving their ends without spreading the war are good enough to justify the risks involved in Cominform support for the Markos rebellion. If a Communist government could be established in Athens, Russian control of the Dardanelles would only be a matter of time; and with it would come inevitably a change in the Turkish attitude to the Soviet Union which might well transform the whole balance of power in the Middle East.

It is precisely because the stakes on both sides are high that the Greek situation is so dangerous. For the Americans tacitly to accept this assault on a government whose independence they have described as a vital national interest, would be to surrender on the central dogma of the Truman Doctrine. They will be compelled, unless a settlement is reached, to intervene more strenuously than ever on the side of the Greek Government. Both they and the Russians will invoke, with ever-decreasing relevance, the name of democracy, and commit themselves ever more deeply to a struggle for power in which the welfare of the Greek people is almost forgotten.

What should British policy be? Possibly nothing could have been done to atone for the fatal winter of 1944, when Mr. Churchill decided to crush E.A.M. But, be that as it may, we bear a major part of the responsibility for the failure to create a stable Left-centre government during the period when Russia was willing to abide by the Yalta Agreement and leave Greece to us. Yet no one now pretends that such a government is a real possibility. In terms of internal politics, the issue is between the extremists of the Left and of the Right; in terms of Great Power policy the question is whether this shattered and unhappy country should remain under American or pass under Russian control.

But to-day this decision does not lie with us. Whatever Mr. Bevin may wish, the issue will either be fought out or it will be settled between Moscow and Washington. Our aim, therefore, must be to use our influence against the spread of war and for a settlement of the matter in the Security Council of the United Nations.

Unfortunately this pacifying role is largely denied to us by the presence of some 5,000 British soldiers on Greek soil. At any moment they may become involved in a war whose strategy is controlled not from London, but from Washington. Since last March, when we admitted our inability to sustain our commitments in Greece and Turkey, it has been the U.S.A. which has entirely assumed the responsibility for assisting and advising the Greek Government and for supplying, organising and directing the Greek Army. Yet British troops, despite frequent promises that they would be speedily withdrawn, are still retained in Greece. In both India and Palestine, the Government has laid down the principle that British forces cannot be permitted to remain in areas where policy and strategy alike are dictated by other Powers. The same principle should be applied in Greece.

There is a second powerful argument in favour of immediate withdrawal. In permitting General Markos to announce his insurgent government the Russians have been careful to avoid any formal interference in Greek affairs by the Soviet Union. Formally, General Markos is the head of a purely indigenous insurrectionary movement. It may well be the Russian purpose not to precipitate a clash with America but to raise the whole matter in the Security Council in order to put the Western Powers in the wrong. This will not be difficult so long as British troops are present in Greece giving support to one side in the struggle.

It may be objected that British troops must remain until America is ready to send G.I.s to replace them. But to argue thus is to present to the Russians the very proof of Western intervention which they are seeking. If the war is to be confined to a civil war—and that should be one immediate object of our policy—then Greeks must fight Greeks; and if we really care for the interests of the Greek people, Britain must put herself in a position to act as mediator on the Security Council. By keeping our troops in Greece, we give a handle for Communist intervention but no real assistance to the Greek Government in defeating the insurrection.

SCOTTISH COMPLAINT

AT a recent meeting of the Scottish Labour Party the secretary said that he had lost interest in devolution when the Socialist Government was returned to power. This renunciation was not shared by many Scottish Labour M.P.s, who had gone to London on a devolution ticket. Some time afterwards there was a debate in the House of Lords when Lord Morrison said it was agreed that there was a large demand for devolution from all sections of the Scottish people. A few days later, in the Commons, the Secretary of State for Scotland fell foul of his countrymen of both parties when he said that there was no real need for Scotland to have a separate Local Government Bill. Besides, he added, there was no time.

Scottish agitation for more control of its own affairs has had a good deal of publicity this year, and in Scotland itself has become one of the major topics. The southerner, aware of mutterings in the north, may wonder—between deep draughts of Uno and Pakistan—what it is all about. Are the Scots serious when they talk of devolution, separatism, Dominion status, and all the other things they seem to want? How many of them want these things? Or is it just a confused shouting of ancient war cries, another traditional noise like bagpipe playing?

There are three factors to be taken into account in examining the present position. The first is the established trend to greater devolution—the slow growth of the Secretary for Scotland into the Secretary of State with two Parliamentary Under-Secretaries. Coupled with this has been the building of St. Andrew's House in Edinburgh so that much of the donkey-work of administration could be done on the home ground.

The second factor is the habit of every government, once it is in power, of losing interest in purely Scottish matters. One reason for this political amnesia is that any large change in Scotland's status is a constitutional matter. The other is the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of party programmes correlating exactly with ill-defined Scottish ambitions. The result is that the Opposition, hoping its exile is temporary, assiduously cultivates Scottish votes. The process is repetitive, appears to be unaffected by parties or coalitions, and provides the Scot with a prime argument for control of his own country.

The third factor is of great importance, as it unites Scotsmen of divers opinions at a non-party level. It is the spectre of Scottish history in modern clothes. It is the Scottishness, the sense of nationality, the "imponderable" that George Blake mentioned in his B.C.A. pamphlet, *Scottish Affairs*—banned by the War Office as of insufficient interest to the British Army. This factor is operating at one of its periodic peaks, and is swelling the ranks of those who think "something should be done." A previous but less emotional peak saw the presentation of the Home Rule Bills by Scottish Labour M.P.s in the twenties. In addition, the opinions on devolution are now being cemented together by the new cultural life, and it is this that many Scots consider to be the decisive test of their developing nationhood.

Much of the present agitation is an elementary demand for recognition. The Scots are suffering from submerged identity. It is an old and sore point and is not helped by those tactless people who put N.B. on letters to Scotland—a practice the Post Office deplores with the threat that it will send the letters to New Brunswick. A great deal of hurt pride would be healed if Scotland's separate existence were re-defined in places other than the football field.

Where does the ordinary Scot stand in relation to devolution? Either he is completely indifferent or he believes "something should be done." Devolution is just a word to him, though the propaganda of the National Party and of Scottish Convention is beginning to reach him. There have been small polls and straw votes. Apart from those who couldn't care less about the whole matter, there is a general feeling, much of it inarticulate, that Scotland requires special attention. The nationally or politically conscious Scot is unlikely to favour the *status quo*.

The minority of extreme nationalists press in vain with their crackpot demands such as a repeal of the Union without reference to London. Certain spokesmen indicate a political development that is not of this century, as though in worshipping Caledonia the world should be renounced. There is a recognisable myth, familiar in its limited loyalty. Sometimes politics seem incidental to the emotionalism, so that one has a vision of an isolated Ultima Thule where everyone is happy through being Scottish. But the English are never forgotten. A Scottish review gives the solemn warning: "The crisis of the balance of payments is not Scotland's concern but England's. Unfortunately, Scotland's economy is being mauled to help England in her desperate hour."

Much of the Scottishness is a matter for the Scots themselves. It is the usual nationalist mixture of truth, half-truth and absurdity. By itself it does not make a movement of any consequence. But the "imponderable" works through all classes and all shades of opinion. It is a variant, at present in the ascendant. The political demands can only be understood against the background of the "imponderable."

The main division in Scotland is over the well-worn word, devolution. Administrative devolution is continuous. The regional plan for railways has recently been announced. There is to be a Scottish Office of the Assistance Board. So it goes on. A Scot in favour of mild devolution takes comfort from the knowledge that London is bound, when it feels a top-heavy burden of administration, to lop off a portion and dump it in the provinces. The Tories, aware of this natural tendency, are promising as a Tory favour what will probably happen in the ordinary course of events. The full administrative devolution policy includes Scottish departments of Trade and Labour, with the Secretary of State for Scotland and his colleagues acting as a sort of northern Cabinet.

Only the mild devolutionists are in favour of this. The remainder brand the scheme as regionalism and will have nothing to do with it. The national feeling emerges in the minimum demand for legislative devolution and a Scottish parliament concerned with domestic affairs, including finance. This distinction between the two policies of devolution is not yet familiar to the man in the street.

The arguments for a Scottish parliament must, in outline, be recognisable across the border. Generally the complaint is over the lack of a specific Scottish policy for Scotland. Incidental benefits from hydro-electrification are seen merely as casual by-products.

The Scotsman protests he is not asking for special attention as a matter of national pride, but because the facts demand it. But, he adds, London is not as blind as it appears, and has many reasons for hanging on to control of Scotland. If Scotland looked after itself it would be better off. One obvious argument is that Scotland has surplus coal which it could export to Scandinavia for timber to build houses. Scotland, as a whole, is more in need of capital expenditure than England, and the Scot sees his country being used as a milch cow to help the economy of England. He does not believe there are reciprocal benefits.

Such arguments have sufficient reality to unite patriotic Communists, Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists on one platform. (Recently there was such a union on the B.B.C., when the speakers agreed on devolution.) Superficial examination suggests that the "imponderable" itself could not achieve this unity. Constant banging on the doors of London has made many Scotsmen suspicious of any party helping them. They believe there is little use in making Britain flow with milk and honey if the Scottish milk is always a little sour and the honey less sweet.

A coalescence of the "imponderable" with the political outlooks has enabled Scotsmen to find their points of agreement. The organisation that has arisen for this is Scottish Convention. Its objects are supported by members of all parties. It was Scottish Convention that organised the mass meeting in Glasgow early this year, when representatives of trade unions, municipalities, the civil service, churches, political parties, etc., passed overwhelming resolutions in favour of devolution and home rule.

The immediate purpose of Scottish Convention is to raise an authentically Scottish voice, in the belief that if you shout loud enough someone will pay attention. There is to be another mass meeting early this year. As the Treaty of Union contains no provision for amendment there is faith in the democratic principle. Scottish Convention is the most forceful organisation that has yet arisen. It remains to be seen how many will be drawn into its fold.

The Scottish Nationalists, the older group, do not yet see eye to eye with Scottish Convention. They are, indeed, frequently busy re-arranging their own house, and many of them are somewhat removed from the ordinary man. They cannot understand that a Glasgow fitter has, in every sense, more in common with an English mechanic than with his compatriot who becomes emotional over the Darien Scheme. They often appear as a reactionary élite, wearing their patriotism like blinkers. But it would be a mistake to interpret the lack of support given to their parliamentary candidates as a lack of interest in domestic Scottish affairs.

Meanwhile, Tory speakers and part of the press use every imagined slight against Scotland as another argument for devolution. Anything does for a crack of the whip at Labour. In doing this they are making a shrewd bet on the side, as there is no indication that an elected Scottish parliament would not have a Socialist majority.

Scottish Socialists, many of whom have championed home rule for decades, are left to work out for themselves the precarious balance between political common sense and national sentiment. If they consider home rule vital they have a second string in Scottish Convention. Their sense of frustration will be eased if Sir Stafford Cripps realises that the Cinderella country requires a change of role.

NEIL McCALLUM

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

A FORTNIGHT before Christmas, as the first snowfall settled on Central Park, Nature came to the help of the department stores and the glossy magazines which had been trying to jolly New Yorkers into the festive spirit. The public had done its best to co-operate, although inflation makes every week-end a spending spree for many wage-earners. If national prosperity seems a little ragged at the edges, it is still lush enough to fill most family stockings in this city. Christmas, even in 1947, is a great stimulus to the escapist; and most people, whether they are packing their bags for Florida or pinning up the decorations in a Brooklyn apartment, are glad of it. An insurance company, squeezing its appeal between a dozen full-page liquor advertisements in the current issue of *Collier's*, insists that it is high time George, the breadwinner, "learned the facts of life" and found security for himself and his family. It is the facts of life and the search for security that are worrying George. Like millions of other Americans, he knows that there will be other things in his Christmas stocking this year beside an electric razor or a bottle of rye. While Mrs. George was elbowing her way through the crowd in Macy's basement, Congress was busy appropriating part of next year's taxes for America's friends in Europe; and while Mrs. George was wondering whether she could afford a turkey this year, Democrats and Republicans were playing pat-ball with the politically explosive question of price-controls and rationing. Once the Christmas fling is over, Uncle Sam will gaze ruefully on some of his presents, and not least on a package marked "Election Year."

There is no rest either for the wicked or the politician. The Administration, having drummed up enough support to get the emergency funds for Austria, France and Italy through Congress, is still uncertain how much the Republican majority is willing to pay for the larger rehabilitation programme. Even if it secures a decision in principle, the overall appropriation may be reduced, re-directed or passed with such conditions that only the most desperate bankrupts could accept aid. But E.R.P. is not the biggest headache for Mr. Truman and the Democratic Party. After all, there is a good deal of bipartisan backing for the E.R.P.'s political and humanitarian purposes; and the sniping of individual Republican intransigeants who want to find less expensive or, alternatively, more drastic methods of fighting the cold war against Communism, strikes home only when they use domestic ammunition.

Internal problems are the soft spot of both parties. Apart from Governor Dewey, who models his tactics on Brer Rabbit, all the Presidential aspirants are trying to get their records straight on labour, wages, prices and controls. Mr. Stassen, author of a political best-seller which tells people at some length where he stands, has been flying round the country lining up as many Convention delegates as he can. Senator Taft, who toured the local party machines before him, has been back in the Capitol crying that the New Dealers are seeking to stay in power by sponsoring the Marshall Plan. This, he says, can only be carried through at the price of stiff controls and rationing, which in turn demand police state powers, thus undermining both free enterprise and American democracy. Apart from his blunder in saying exactly that, three weeks before he asked Congress for stand-by legislation for the re-introduction of controls, President Truman has been busy pursuing the line he started with his veto of the Taft-Hartley Act and followed up by endorsing the report of his special committee on Civil Rights, which said most of the things Liberals here have been saying for years and held out little hope of achieving any of its declared and laudable objectives for some time to come. The battle-order for next November, however, has not yet been clearly fixed. The more General Eisenhower denies that he will be a candidate, and the more each Republican hopeful insists that he will not accept the vice-presidential nomination, the more it seems probable that the General will run, especially if an easy victory over Mr. Truman cannot be guaranteed by a more orthodox Republican candidate.

But Mr. Truman and the Democrats have had other pre-Christmas worries. Would Henry Wallace bolt the party and run on an independent ticket? The Democratic managers, who at first ridiculed the idea, were sufficiently worried to issue a public invitation to Mr. Wallace to campaign for the party next year. Their doubts will probably be settled before this article appears. Wallace, who had spoken to a series of enormous paid-admission meetings in the West, New England and the South, since his return from Europe, has recently been touring New York State. At Buffalo he denounced the Democratic Party as an accomplice of the military and Big Business in the scramble towards another war, saying that unless its record changed, "there will be a new party—a party of workers and farmers, professionals and small business men—a truly democratic party." Asked if his decision to run—and that decision, I believe, has already been taken—would be influenced by the aid his intervention would give the Republicans, he said he was only concerned to offer the voter a real choice of policies.

At present, nobody can estimate the pulling power of Wallace as a candidate. His meetings show that he can attract large and serious-minded crowds wherever he speaks. But that is a different matter from getting out votes in a knock-down election without the aid of an experienced machine with deep roots in every community. His meetings to date have been sponsored by the Progressive Citizens of America—except those in the South, where P.C.A. leaves the field to the Southern Conference for Human Rights—yet Henry Wallace is neither an official nor a member of P.C.A. It is true that P.C.A. has organised its 100,000 members on an electoral basis, but it lacks the funds, the coherence, and the organisation a presidential campaign demands.

But there are still more serious problems to be faced when Henry Wallace launches his independent campaign. On the national level, he is a voice in the wilderness. He must expect indifference and even hostility from organised Labour. The C.I.O. has decided to spend its political funds against all members of Congress who voted for the Taft-Hartley Act. As an organisation, it will do no more than that, though its leaders will personally endorse Truman and, in some cases, Eisenhower, if he runs. The A.F. of L., at last stirred into creating a quasi-political league of its own, will do the same thing with half a heart. The Railway Brotherhoods have similar plans. No one can predict the stand that John L. Lewis will take now he has again walked out of the A.F. of L. with his miners. But Labour as a whole, which will probably spend great sums in the campaign, will do so with limited aims and without coherence. All the old New Dealers will go with Truman, especially those in the Liberal Party in New York and the Americans for Democratic Action, who bitterly attack Wallace for refusing to denounce Communists at home and abroad. It is possible that even the American Labour Party in New York may again split. It is unlikely that all the prominent names sponsoring P.C.A. would remain behind a Wallace ticket. Certainly none of those who are hoping one day to create a "non-Communist Left," with the co-operation of trade union leaders like Walter Reuther and David Dubinsky, will bolt the Democratic ticket next year.

These difficulties do not help the creation of a new progressive party on a national scale. But there are other technical problems. American electoral law is made by the States. In many places it is not easy to place a new party or an independent candidate on the ballot, nor are the requirements uniform. Wallace could probably be entered in one way or another in every State except Georgia or Florida, where court action might be taken to test the constitutionality of their unusually stiff electoral laws. This means that he will have to be backed by a coalition of local groups, such as the new Progressive Party in Illinois, which polled over 300,000 votes for its leading candidate in Chicago at last month's judicial elections, or the new party in California which is collecting 295,000 signatures to obtain a place on the ballot.

There are some people here who are sympathetic towards the policy Wallace declares, yet who are reluctant to support yet another splinter protest campaign. This group, which believes that a new party must be built one day and that the Democratic Party cannot be permanently captured for progressive policies, would be willing to support a Wallace ticket in the face of the abstention of organised labour, provided that the campaign is fought for the establishment of a new party throughout the country which would not fold up once polling day is over. This would leave the door open for Labour and for other Liberal groups to come in, if and when anti-Communism ceases to be a major factor dividing the whole progressive movement.

Wallace and his associates have one card which may prove strong, though the shifting international situation makes prophecy dangerous. He is the one person actively campaigning against Universal Military Training. This, according to the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled War Veterans, and the Hearst Newspapers, is to be "the real voice of America heard round the globe." U.M.T. may easily become the test issue of United States policy in the New Year. It will be settled before next November, but the debate will reveal whether Wallace can rally more than a few friends and admirers.

The citizens of this city, the week before Christmas, is full of goodwill towards all men, except those responsible for high prices, labour troubles, unrest in Europe, high taxes, civil war in China, loans abroad, difficulties with the Russians. Not all those things are the fault only of Republicans, Democrats, Reds or even Henry Wallace. But nobody has offered the New Yorker the presents he would really like in his stocking—peace and a stable level of undisturbed life. He has to spend his Christmas deciding who he thinks is to blame. Norman MacKenzie

New York, Christmas Eve

A LONDON DIARY

Henry Wallace's decision to form a Third Party in order to fight the Marshall Plan will distress his friends here no less than in America. As his Sunday postscript over the B.B.C. last spring made clear, he is the only American politician with a national standing who possesses something of the Roosevelt touch. During his English tour, which he made under the auspices of this paper, he sketched out a policy of aid to Europe with which many of us wholeheartedly agreed, and laid particular emphasis on the role of Britain and Western Europe in creating a middle way. But then his central idea was taken over by Mr. Marshall in the Harvard speech. There is nothing more embarrassing in politics than having your clothes stolen while you are bathing. But when it happens, it is a mistake to protest that they were shoddy. What is needed in America today is a politically conscious Labour movement strong enough to ensure that the Harvard speech remains the inspiration of American policy and that it is not twisted by reactionaries into a variant of the Truman Doctrine. But this is the very opposite of what Wallace's candidature is likely to produce. By his emphasis on "Americanism," and his denunciation of E.R.P. and conscription, he may unite the pro-Russians and some of the isolationists, but he will probably drive the Unions even farther to the Right. Incidentally, by splitting the Democratic vote, he not only makes a Republican victory more likely, but increases the chances of a reactionary Republican President, since a man like Eisenhower would only be selected in the Convention in order to pick up the Left-wing votes. What his role could have been is suggested by a pamphlet just issued by A.D.A., the anti-Wallace group of Liberals headed by such people as Leon Henderson, Mrs. Roosevelt and Raymond Swing. "Towards a total peace" is far the best outline of a progressive American policy that I have read. It comes out flatly against support for Franco and Chiang Kai-shek, and stresses the need for encouraging a Socialist Western European Union and for the socialisation of the Ruhr. What a tragedy that Wallace could not have joined forces with A.D.A.

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My New Year's wishes for the nationalised railways are combined with the fervent hope that the new Board will not forget the minor reforms which would do so much to endear state ownership to the travelling public. Of these, far the most important are clean waiting-rooms and civilised refreshment rooms. A few enterprising stationmasters in country districts have shown what it is possible to achieve with a nicely laid-out station garden. Imagine what the public reaction would be if Rugby Junction ceased to smell like Mugby Junction in Dickens's story and if its squalid refreshment room were transformed into an attractive tea-room. Another revolution, even easier to achieve, would be to abolish the system of queueing which became an established practice in the war and has been permitted to hang over into peace. Travelling from Paddington on the Monday before Christmas, I was lined up by an officious policeman in one of half a dozen queues marshalled in the open space in front of the departure platforms. I was therefore able to watch the departure of the Holyhead Express. Even passengers with reserved seats had to queue for an hour, and were then sent to their places by the police. A friendly porter said to me, "We used to deal with double this number before the war and we got them all to their seats without any queueing or police officers pushing them about." When my turn came to be marched in column of four on to platform 2, we found that there had been no reason to queue since the train was only half full. Queueing has now become a national vice.

* * *

However soothing the effect of music may be on the listener, the playing of it seems to provoke a strong sense of corporate militancy. Judging from the fights they have put up in the past, I should back the Musicians' Union to win in their clash with the B.B.C. No sentimental appeals about the Season of the Year are likely to tempt them from their resolution to allow no relays of pantomimes, or other productions requiring musical accompaniment, unless they receive a fee they regard as adequate. This is one of the strikes in which the employers suffer more than the employed. The B.B.C. can hardly afford to drop entirely one of their most popular features—broadcasts from theatres and music-halls. Musicians, on the other hand, are well enough paid to be able to stand the loss almost indefinitely. At least the B.B.C. should be thankful that our Musicians' Union has not yet thrown up as powerful and dramatic a figure as Mr. Petrillo, of the American Federation of Musicians. He, while not taking up an exactly Luddite attitude towards mechanical forms of production, is determined to ensure that the workers lose nothing by their introduction. The present phase of his campaign involves a cessation of all gramophone recordings.

* * *

In this battle, right is undoubtedly on the side of Mr. Petrillo. Copyright laws in America have always permitted the use of records instead of live musicians on any occasion, without payment to the musicians who made the records. The existence of millions of juke-boxes all over the U.S.A. accentuated the musicians' nightmare fear of unemployment. To combat this situation, Petrillo, after a long struggle which included a 27-months' strike, obtained a share of the profits for his members in the form of royalties paid to the union on the sales of records. In the first year, the royalties amounted to 1,500,000 dollars. In the present year they are expected to be nearer 2,000,000. The royalties are distributed among local branches and used with great success to promote musical activity to the benefit of the musicians. This, in the view of the authors of the Taft-Hartley Bill, was making the union too powerful, so a clause was inserted in the Bill, as a direct hit against Petrillo, preventing unions from collecting royalties. Petrillo's reply is the ban on recordings, which has put the American press, owning 400 radio stations, into an uproar. The union decision to stop recordings may in the end prove to be unlawful, but would an unfavourable legal verdict deter Petrillo?

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From time to time one reads in the daily papers that the people of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, or the U.S.A. have sent a gift of foodstuffs to us in this country, and official recognition of this generosity is given in Royal or Ministerial speeches. I doubt whether many realise the scale of this generosity or whether perhaps the donors realise the amount of individual pleasure they give with their gifts. I certainly didn't until the parish clerk of a small village in the south of England told me of his experience. The gifts, mainly tins of food, are distributed in rural areas through the rural district councils. The district councils send them to the clerk to the parish council in each village and he is directed to give them to needy and aged inhabitants. My particular clerk has had during the past year four or five "gifts" to distribute, each consisting of between 15 and 25 tins—over 100 tins in all. His is one small village, and presumably what he got all the other villages also received. The scale of this spontaneous generosity is staggering, and that it is not merely machine-made is shown by the fact that individual donors often write a personal message of goodwill on the tins. The parish clerk told me that, if he had not taken the gifts round and distributed them himself, he would not have guessed the amount of pleasure that a tin of marmalade or plum pudding can give to every one in these days. He would find it very difficult to say that any of the people to whom he distributed the food could be accurately described as "needy"; in fact, according to him, the poor are no longer with us. But to-day it would have to be a very rich or a very black-market heart that did not thrill with pleasure when given a tin of South African sausages or Australian jam.

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The parish clerk distributing the tins of sausages raises some other interesting questions. Before the war the parish council in most places was an inactive and disappointing body. It had little power to do anything and usually it did even less. The village, even in the urbanised and sub-urbanised south, is far more of a community, with a peculiar life of its own, than appears upon the surface. The parish council ought and might be an important democratic organ of this life. Hitherto, as I say, it has been an atrophied or inanimate organ. But things have changed lately and the war galvanised a good many parish councils into life and action. One sign of this has been the formation of a National Association of Parish Councils, which recently held its first—a very large and successful—conference in London. One of the things which has put life into the parishes and their councils is the exasperation in villages at the shortage of houses. The housing situation is lamentable and everywhere there is great dissatisfaction particularly among young married people who cannot get a house or cottage of their own. The parish council has no powers with regard to housing, which is in the hands of the rural district councils, but the parish council can be used as a fairly effective stimulus or goad to the rural district council. And that is what is happening in some villages, with the result that for the first time the parish council is becoming quite a lively organ of democracy. It has been said that, if you make the people miserable enough, you may make them begin to think; certainly there is nothing like discomfort to make a democracy active.

POLYCRITIC

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

Ministry of Labour

A happy New Year to ourselves of course,
And to Britain's magnificent Labour Force,
A middling New Year to Conservatives,
And a rotten New Year to eels and spivs.

Board of Trade

A happy New Year to the Argentine,
If the Meat Agreement at last they sign;
Now the Anglo-Soviet deal is through,
A happy New Year to Moscow too.

Colonial Office

A bumper New Year to the Indies (West),
The Mother Country will do her best
For all Possessions with edible gluts,
Especially those producing nuts.

Foreign Office

A happy New Year to Right-wing Greeks,
A joyous New Year to Truman,
A pleasant New Year to Arab Sheiks,
A steady New Year to Schuman,

A happy New Year to the trusty Turk,
Democracy's guard on the Bosphorus;
No blessings from Ernie on Cominform's work,
But may Uno's endeavours be prosperous.

Ministry of Food

A frugal New Year to one and all,
Our basic ration will never fall,
And though our diet is incomplete,
The better you are the less you eat.

Number Ten

On New Year's Day the Government sends
A Happy New Year to Britain's friends,
We wish our creditors all the best,
And a stingy New Year to all the rest.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of those printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

When a cow is ill a farmer in a remote district is entitled to use petrol to summon a vet—but if his wife is ill he must walk or cycle to get a doctor.—*Newcastle Journal.* (E. W. Adams, Northumberland.)

The Communists were endeavouring to create a state of chaos so necessary for the success of their teaching.

They were even infiltrating into knitting and sewing classes.—*Catholic Times.* (J. Gordon, Manchester, 8.)

British dogs were known all over the world, and were almost our ambassadors, said Viscountess Arbuthnott at Montrose on Saturday.—Report in *Dundee Courier and Advertiser.* (Mrs. J. V. Stalker, Dundee.)

As a last resort the dance organiser told the orchestra to strike up the National Anthem.

The men stopped fighting and stood to attention, but as soon as the music ended they began fighting again.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (P. Kenny, Formby.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury's statement . . . that misapprehension existed on the Continent about the Dean of Canterbury's status is borne out by the fact that the Czech translation of the Dean's book, "The Socialist Sixth of the World," is attributed on the title page to the Archbishop.—*The Times.* (Miss Sharpe, London, N.W.)

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF FREE INDIA

IT was my good fortune to be the first Indian editor to leave my country immediately following the Indian Independence celebrations on August 15th last. Wherever my globe-girdling tour has since taken me, I have had Ministers, diplomats, politicians, newspaper editors and ordinary folk asking me hundreds of questions about the new free country, the most common and frequent of them all being: "What is going to be the foreign policy of free India?"

Strangely enough, the majority of my interrogators did not wait for an answer but proceeded to answer the question themselves—to their own entire satisfaction. For example, the Communist Premier of a Slav Republic took it for granted that, by permitting itself to remain within the Empire and retain Mountbatten as Governor-General, India had mortgaged its independence to the British Devil and the American Dollar. A Soviet Commissar appeared to endorse this gloomy view and held it to be responsible for the recent cooling of Indo-Soviet goodwill at Uno. On the other hand, an American Consul I met had assured himself from the Indian delegates' behaviour at Uno that India had virtually allied itself with the Soviet-Slav Bloc. And here in London, every prominent Briton I have met has evidently made the wish father to the thought and decided that both the Indian Union and Pakistan must remain within the British Commonwealth—or perish the way of China!

Europe, too, expressed itself equally concerned about our foreign policy. In France, Portugal and the Netherlands, for instance, I discovered very genuine panic about the new Indian peril, called Jawaharlal Nehru, who had risen in the East. He is apparently not satisfied with breaking the fetters of his own people, but is fast assuming the leadership of Asia, with the object of challenging and defeating colonial imperialism.

In striking and pleasant contrast was the genuine happiness exhibited by Asiatic and other colonial nations, the smaller countries, the have-not peoples, the world's oppressed and dispossessed, who saw in August 15th not only freedom for India, but also a portent for the fulfilment of their own hopes. Jawaharlal Nehru to these subject races was Prometheus Reborn, their angel and crusader. Indonesia, Vietnam, all South-East Asia, and in the Middle East, Egypt and Palestine (curiously enough, the Palestine of the Jews no less than the Arabs), even the American Negro editor who showed to me an open letter he had written to Nehru asking him to raise the cause of his people before the bar of Uno—one and all looked up to free India to fight their cause and defeat their enemies.

What then is going to be the foreign policy of the Indian Union? Without attempting to define it at the outset, I can say with some assurance that it will be creative, that is it will not be dogmatic or circumscribed by dead formulae. The best clue to its future evolution is to be found in the career and opinions of its creator, organizer and executor—Pandit Nehru; but we must also consider how far political, economic and other conditions are likely to act as brake upon Nehru's ideal of the foreign policy of free India.

Jawaharlal Nehru is, first and last, an Indian, an Asiatic, proud of his ancient heritage and burning with the Orient's fierce indignation against imperialism and the exploitation of the East by the West, the coloured man by the white man; at the same time, his wrath is tempered by the forgiving, non-violent philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest influence on his life.

The second lasting influence on Nehru's outlook is that of Harrow and Cambridge, English culture and English literature. The Indian author of the so-called anti-British "Hymn of Hate," paradoxically, loves England and admires the British character. The British statesman who told me: "Nehru is an Englishman inside of him; therefore, he will never break with us," may perhaps prove a prophet.

Marx, Lenin and the Russian Revolution also profoundly stirred Jawaharlal, the passionate young intellectual. Whilst his mental evolution is quite unmistakably Marxist, he has got over his early enthusiasm for Communism. He admires the Soviet and desires the friendliest of relations with Russia, but, contrary to the belief I found abroad, he has no particular love for imported Communism.

New India's foreign policy must at the outset be the foreign policy of Nehru, who has been the author of all Congress Resolutions on foreign affairs for the last decade and more. The Indian Interim Regime—commonly known as the "Nehru Cabinet"—that governed the country before India became independent in August last, really set the pattern of the foreign policy of free India. To the historic session of the General Assembly of Uno, immediately following the formation of the Interim Government, went, for the first time in our history, a delegation truly representative of the Indian people who spoke and acted in India's name, unlike the conventional old puppets and marionettes of Imperial Britain. Nehru's sister, Vijaylakshmi Pandit, led the delegation. India pressed her case against South Africa home to a resounding victory. Not satisfied with fighting the battle of her own colonials, the Indian delegation challenged South Africa's bid to absorb South-West Africa, endorsed the plea for an international boycott of Franco's Fascist Spain, championed Indonesian resistance to Dutch Imperialism—in short, ensured for India-on-eve-of-freedom the leadership of Asia and a place in the vanguard of progressive forces.

India became the capital of all Asia. To Nehru's modest home at 17 York Road, New Delhi, came rulers and rebels of Asiatic countries, seeking guidance or assistance—the late General Aung Sang of Burma, Dr. Sjharir of Indonesia, delegations from Indo-China, Afghanistan and Egypt. Soon afterwards, there followed the inter-Asian Relations Conference at Delhi's "Purana Quilla"—to which came earnest, picturesque-looking delegations from 40 different nations of the Continent, including Soviet Asia. While putting the issue of colonial freedom and self-determination straight before the world, the proceedings of the Conference were marked by a moderation and discipline that belied critics who had labelled it a "Pan-Asiatic Move" and a "Bloc against Uno."

The foreign policy of any country depends mainly on its internal situation—whether it is at peace or war with itself, whether it is economically solvent or insolvent and whether its regime is progressive or reactionary. We must therefore admit that, for the present at least, the balance of these imperative considerations has been tilted against the India of Nehru; at the same time we must emphasize the fact that the present is, after all, a temporary and transitional phase of the birth-pangs of independence every country has to go through and, as such, is bound to be short-lived.

A divided India is less likely to impose an independent foreign policy abroad than to be itself imposed upon by one or other foreign Powers. The present government is one of the national front and, as such, carries a group of well-meaning but reactionary leaders who might not appreciate some of the ideals of Jawaharlal Nehru's foreign outlook. The progressive and Leftist forces of the country are not represented in the Delhi Government—except through Nehru.

On the other hand, outside the Government, reaction, communal, political, economic and international, is making a powerful bid to obtain control over both Hindustan and Pakistan. The Mahasabha Party of communalists—Hindu parallel of the Muslim League—would like to convert the whole of the Indian Union into an orthodox Hindu State. They have the backing of Hindu Princes, millionaires and other entrenched interests, and naturally a vested reaction of this type would certainly want the two Indian States to line up with the world capitalist bloc and mortgage their independence to the dollar.

In this context Pakistan's appeal to London for Empire assistance, which the Indian Union categorically refused to endorse, is significant. For if one Dominion invites intervention from one of the big Powers, the other might think it fit to go a-begging to some other Power which would readily oblige ; and the country might be plunged into the horrors we know to be associated with Spain, Greece and China all over again.

So long as Nehru remains at the helm of the Indian Union nothing will be permitted to deflect the broad policy I have already outlined from its goal. Nehru has powerful enemies in the Indian forces of reaction, but to-day, as never before, he is the most popular individual leader in India, barring only Mahatma Gandhi, and the latter is nearer Nehru ideologically to-day than ever before.

The symbol chosen by Jawaharlal Nehru for the flag of Free India is the *Dharma Chakra*, or Wheel of Law of Asoka, the Hindu Emperor, whom a punitive campaign against a neighbouring State and the desolation of victory won by the sword dissuaded from war for ever. Nehru's ideals fit into the pattern of Asoka's principles of peace, fellowship, brotherhood and world co-operation. The outlook of independent India, under Nehru, would, therefore, be international rather than over-zealously national, peace-loving and non-militarist. It would be free of the shackles either of Whitehall or Wall Street or the Kremlin.

With Socialist Britain and the Commonwealth, the new Republic or Dominion—as the case may be—will continue the friendliest and most co-operative of relations. Nehru would like to steer India clear of the rocks and shoals of the world Soviet-Slav and Anglo-American blocs, of the international Soviet-Communist Party no less than the international American-Capitalist Party. It is significant that the Indian delegation at Uno has emphatically affirmed its neutrality between the United States and the Soviet Union and its policy to treat every issue strictly on its merits. It may be that India, the mother of civilisations, will emerge united once again to assume her role of leadership in Asia.

R. K. KARANJIA

SLOW-MOTION VOLCANO

THE pepper-tree was shedding green confetti; the bougainvillea was scattering purple snow; occasionally a lizard would stir from its siesta and slither down a tree-trunk. Then suddenly the cloistered, shimmering peace of the Mexican garden was riven by a screeching voice. "Prices are rising. Prices are rising. Scandalous! Scandalous!"—it repeated in Spanish, with the shrill insistence of a speaker of the Housewives' League. Peace was restored only when the hotel porter removed the protesting macaw.

"You see," sighed the Conventional Englishman Abroad, "in a country like this, only the parrots can safely protest." Someone pointed out that a seditious parrot could very easily be disposed of, without fear of recourse to Habeas Corpus, and that anyway the obvious observation should be not "*only* the parrots" but "*even* the parrots." For it seems to be pretty plain, in Mexico, from the frankness, and indeed licence, of the press, which can libel Ministers and get away with it under Article 7 of the 1917 Constitution, that freedom of speech and of the press is real; and whatever reservations one may have about the mechanics of Mexican parliamentary democracy, there can be none about its practice of freedom. It has offered refuge to political refugees of every colour—to Spanish Republicans and fugitive Falangists; to Trotsky and his followers, and to White Russians; to German and Latin American refugees and to some uncomfortable North Americans whom I met (including some gangsters). Its old-fashioned ideas of freedom belong to the days when the Statue of Liberty was erected in New York harbour.

It is true that Mexico has a "packed" Congress, Senate and Chamber alike, which faithfully rubber-stamps all legislation sent to it by the President, and that in the last two years only one mild voice has spoken in opposition to any Government decree. (Even that is a stride from the pistoleros and military dictatorship.) It is also true, however, that political parties of any shade, including an emerging Clerical-Fascist one, are tolerated. The Communist Party was holding its congress while I was there; it was all very polite and proper, and definitely Mexican and not "Cominform." One shrewd and objective observer, who ought to know, put the strength, numerical and influential, of the Mexican Communists as proportionate to that of the British Communists. Which would be news to most outsiders—including, I should think, most of the delegates to Unesco, who went to Mexico with the fixed idea that it was a Communist State. That is what comes of expropriating oil companies, breaking up the haciendas, and disestablishing the church; and yet these things are the equivalents, in conventional Mexican politics, of Lloyd George's Insurance Act and Neville Chamberlain's De-rating Act. Indeed, it is one of the difficulties of the Communists in Mexico that they have been robbed of the word "Revolution." "Revolution" means the revolution of 1910, which threw out Porfirio Diaz and to which President Aleman would claim that his regime is the heir. According to this popular convention, The Revolution is still in progress. And, with allowances for the change of tempo, it is; things are happening in Mexico.

The complexion of the Government is not easy to define, and I tried to get a definition from Mexicans and foreign observers. The nearest we could get was "Rightist Social Democracy," but the President's party can count on the support in Congress even of Toledano's trade union nominees—as well as of those of the six other trade union confederations which (out of 17 which exist) the Government subsidises. It is all quite open—on the Mexican Civil List. The trade union movement is fragmentary, as it must tend to be in a country where the proportion of industrial workers to the agricultural workers is small, and where, under an agrarian reform programme, hired labour seeks to become peasant-farmers. It is "boss-led," with Toledano, the intellectual, still powerful (but less than before) among the trade union bosses. Thirty years ago, Mexican labour got its conditions of service on to the statute book—including the eight-hour day and equal pay for men and women. But the pay is low by industrial standards outside Mexico—averaging 250 pesos a month, or about £2 10s. a week for the breadwinners of large families. And into that average comes the Civil Service, with consequent universal venality.

The overwhelming impression in Mexico, particularly in the capital, is the precipice between wealth and poverty. There is no middle class. It is a sheer drop from a well-to-do minimum of about 2,500 pesos a month to 250 pesos. That is symbolised by the swarms of luxurious cars on the avenidas of Mexico City, with labourers walking alongside with hundred-pound loads on their backs, and slung from their foreheads. Or one eats in the Americanised luxury, on food shipped thousands of miles in cellophane and refrigerators from the New England coasts or the stockyards of Chicago, and then goes down the alley next door to find the Mexican poor crouched over charcoal braziers eating a mess drenched in *chili* and wrapped in *tortillas*, the universal pancake. Or one looks out of the window of a chromium-plated hotel into the lean-to hovels, arranged like horse-boxes round a courtyard.

But something is happening. Mexico gives the impression not of an old country but of a new one emerging side by side with the old and stemming from it. It is a country full of holes—holes where archaeologists are excavating reminders of civilisations much greater than the barbaric sacrifices which latterly disfigured them; holes for the drainpipes which are replacing sewage runnels; holes for new schools and new hospitals; holes for impending skyscrapers. Mexico is at once like age-old Popocatepetl, which is still giving out wisps of steam from its snow-covered 18,000ft. high crest, and new-born Paricutin, the volcano which in February, 1943, burst from the field which a peasant was ploughing.

In New York two American women on separate occasions condoled with me for having been to Mexico; they hated it, and they hated the Mexicans, who were a "bum lot." It turned out that they had been to Mexico City and they had met the café Mexicans. Then I condoled with them. Mexico City to the visiting American is just Atlantic City, without the sea and raised to the thin air of 8,000ft. The bars, the night clubs, the drug stores, the neon signs, the movies of the tourist town threaten to erase the real Mexico City as completely as Cortez destroyed its predecessor—Montezuma's floating city of Tenochlitan. And the cocktail-drinking Mexicans are moneyed spivs, imitating the tough hombres of Hollywood, who imitated the tough hombres of Mexico. There is nothing so bogus as an imitation of an imitation.

But Mexico City is not Mexico. Outside the capital there is, of course, poverty, but it is the comparative poverty of the primitive. The Indians and the meztisos want their land and they want their liberty; they want their feast days and those wildly colourful fairs; they want well-stocked corn-bins and their barbecues; they want to trade enough to buy those wonderful *sarapes*, those all-service blankets, and swaggering sombreros, and the gew-gaws of the markets; they want more of their children to survive, and they will let them go to school even if it means learning Spanish. And, given these, they are the friendliest, kindliest and most dignified people, who can teach us all a lot, in this neurotic age, about enjoying peace of mind.

In the villages can be found the answer to a lot which perplexes visitors who bother to consider the Government policy. By far the biggest appropriation for any department (including defence) is that of the Ministry of Education. Schools come before housing, or communications, or even medical services. That is because superstition would defeat the doctors; so superstition has to be tackled first. For the rest, the Government moves with the people, progressively trying to meet their needs and their modest aspirations. And one thing which is patent is that what emerges will be Mexican and not an imported culture—despite the Coca Cola signs which confront you in native villages anywhere in Mexico, including the high Sierras. For the truth is that a revolution is in progress *at Mexican pace*. For Mexicans, urgency is expressed in the casual 'Momento, which really means "Any hour now," or 'Momentito—anything up to half an hour; or 'Momentitito—about ten minutes. After all, the Aztec calendar was based on a time-cycle of 52 years—when the Pleiades came riding over Popocatepetl—and the last time that clock was set was in 1931.

RITCHIE CALDER

THAT WHICH IS

That which is being the only answer
The question is its measure. Ask the flower
And the answer unfolds in eloquent petals about the centre.
Ask fire, and the rose bursts into flame and terror.

Ask water, and the streams flow and dew falls ;
Shells' minute spiral wisdom forms in pools ;
Earth answers fields and gardens and the grave ; birds rise
Into the singing air of boundless skies.

The womb knows the eternal union and its child,
Heart the blood sacrifice of the wounded god ;
Death charts the terrible negative infinity,
And with the sun rises perpetual day.

KATHLEEN RAINE

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

We left his house, the English doctor and I, and slowly, because of his age and station, we walked in the whispering dust under the acacias towards a bar he said he knew in the main street opposite the cinema and the La Plata bank. The Spanish night had come suddenly.

"Stomach all right?" he said, staring ahead and not looking at me, as if he were inquiring discreetly about a titled relation whom he would have been glad to know.

"Kidneys?" he said distantly—a pair of Honourables, the relation's racing cousins.

"No bowel trouble?" he said—the unmentioned rake of the family.

"We haven't been—er"—and half turned his head at me and then looked away, and, raising his chin, appeared to speak to the electric sign over the entrance to the cinema—"a naughty boy?" He had asked me all these questions twice before in his consulting room.

"No," I said. "I'm in perfect health." The subject was closed. There was a stiff silence of disappointment and it lasted until we got to the bar, and I ordered the drinks.

"Who pays your expenses?" the doctor asked with offensive familiarity, when we had settled down and the waiter had gone. "What paper? You're a writer, you say?"

"I pay my own," I said.

The dark green night sky was cut out along the roofs of the Spanish houses. Their wide eaves were like the burned, frayed brims of old straw hats. There was a smell of aniseed in the bar; and of acacia, oranges, rancid oil and charcoal in the street. The yellow trams ground by crammed with people. A little girl was shouting out lottery tickets at the trams, and she watched us go into the bar.

"We get them all down here," the doctor said scornfully.

"We had Kipling, we had Galsworthy—what's the other man? Meredith?"

"Not Meredith," I said.

"*All* the writers. The lot," he snapped, opening his jacket as if getting them out of his shirt. "Damned unpleasant. This fellow, your friend Dewbell," the doctor patted his pocket where he had put my letter of introduction: he appeared to suggest he had the rich Dewbell there in his pocket. "Clever as a monkey, of course . . . but not a gentleman."

We sat at our table and the doctor still talked upwards at the wall on the opposite side of the street, talking about the writers who were not gentlemen; and at the end of his short speeches he dropped his chin and parted his lips in a small insulting "o." He was a wide, well-tailored man. I had seen him often (before I presented my unhappy introduction) walking in the Square in the evenings, a man who had lived well, who had kept a pink face after forty years in Spain, whose pale blue eyes were like a pair of sucked sweets; I had seen him sauntering in silvery, summery London clothes, with a small ring of cigar smoke floating like a profane halo over his trilby hat, his head wagging with the sagacious happiness of the elderly. Only when he passed another Englishman—myself, for example—would the pleasure vanish. On guard at once! He took the cigar from his mouth, pushed out one side of his cheek with his tongue, put on his distant and consequential stare and looked like George III.

"I don't know if you have read a story called *The English Doctor,*" he said. "Dewbell's story," he tapped his pocket again.

"Its about me," he said. "Very poor taste. I told him so to his face."

"I don't mind *the lies,*" the doctor said. "We have all got to live."

The child who had marked us came across the street and bawled through the window at us.

"Drawn tomorrow," she shouted, holding up her lottery ticket.

"It wasn't the lies I minded," said the doctor. "I have been put in books before."

At this the doctor took off his hat as if to show me a wound. He was bald and there was the shock of a display of nakedness. There was also a look of doggishness, not becoming to his years, as he invited me to consider his condition: the fact that he had been a fiction, that he sat respectably here, and yet had other raffish selves that rooted and snuffled round the world. A writer may think himself someone; but a character, I venture to suggest. . . Yes, that is what the doctor's expression said as shamelessly he offered himself to me: I venture to suggest without fear of contradiction. . .

"Drawn tomorrow," cried the child. She was still standing there, a thin clay-coloured little girl of ten with tarry hair and the head and eyes of a woman of fifty.

"Dewbell makes out that he met me in the train going down from Glasgow to London," said the doctor.

"And you were in trouble," I said. "I think I know the story."

The doctor's look silenced me. He waited and began again.

"He makes out that I am a young doctor just qualified and that he met me in the train travelling from Glasgow to London," he said. "There is a girl. This young doctor in the story is engaged to a girl. Her parents . . ."

"Drawn tomorrow," shouted the child for the third time, in her hoarse voice, and when she shouted her eyes started and her face seemed to be splitting on its bones. She waved her lottery ticket at us.

"I am talking to this gentleman," said the doctor.

"And I am talking to you," said the child. The doctor's look silenced the child, too. Once more he began: "I say the character in the story is engaged to be married to a young woman of whom he is enamoured," the doctor continued.

But the doctor was not as good a storyteller as Dewbell. The tale called *The English Doctor* is one of Dewbell's neat but simpler contrivances. The young Scottish doctor in the train is suffering from an agonising temptation. He has agreed to marry his dull local girl, her parents have offered to buy him a small humdrum practice in some provincial town. It will be the dull secure life of the small G.P. And now by the post he has been offered a job in Spain. Which shall he choose? Jilt the girl, and go off on a life of adventure, insecurity and romance; or shall he behave himself and be doomed to the respectable treadmill. "What," the youth says to Dewbell, "would you advise me to do?"

Twenty years pass. Dewbell is in Spain. Dewbell has been poisoned by the Spanish food. He sends for a doctor. Dewbell sees the young man of the night train from Glasgow once more before him. Not a harassed, worn-out G.P. of the English provinces, with a dreary wife and family round his neck—Dewbell never liked his wives—but a sinful and vinous Epicurean, a human sack of rosy worldliness, bulging with the wicked and delicious gratifications of the Mediterranean. A bachelor, of course. His present mistress is a rich Spanish dancer back from an Argentine tour. He has a child by her. "Dewbell," he says to the author, "I thank you for the advice you gave me. I took it and I don't regret it."

The little eyes of the lottery ticket-seller moved as quickly as flies from the doctor to me and back again as he talked.

"A damn lie," said the doctor quietly. "Ask Dewbell his advice! I've only met him once, in this bar, like I'm talking to you. His advice! And I'm not Scotch, either."

"Buy a ticket," said the child.

We are all victims of one another; but among human beings there is an élite who are the predestined prey of writers. The lonely Englishman in a foreign town—it is everyone's subject. Above all, it was Dewbell's. Marked, watched, stalked by Dewbell—and by me—the doctor was one of the natural victims of literature. Unguardedly in the evening people like the doctor go down to their drinking place—and the kill is made. I glanced at him. The vanity of the imposed upon, the self-congratulation of the exploited was on the doctor's face; but in his lordly way he put himself above the dilemma; he appeared to swell with the pleasure of being a fiction, and at once to take pride in pointing out its error. And there was self-pity:

"I should like to have what Dewbell made out of me," he said.

"I should like to have what they've all made out of me," he said. "I could do with it."

"That kid there, she's cute. She knows," he said. He nodded to the child. "She knows her own country."

"Speak Spanish Don José," said the little girl.

"And she knows me," said the doctor.

"She knows that I won a damn big prize in the lottery two years ago. When I hadn't a penny. Three times I have been ruined. That is what Spain has done to me. Sunny Spain! Spanish women! I never touched them. Never have. I came out here with my wife. Ask that kid about Spain. Here—what does every Spaniard want?" he called to the child in Spanish.

"La peseta," the child said, quick as a rat. "Buy a ticket."

The doctor smiled for the first time, and the child's eyes watched his hand go to his pocket, but the hand stayed there.

"The slump came," the doctor said. "The tourist traffic went in a night. I lost every patient I had. If I hadn't won that prize I would have been on the streets."

From his pocket he slowly took his hand. There was nothing in it.

"Buy a ticket," he said to me. "She'll go away."

The child snatched my money, tore off the ticket and was away bawling barefoot after a tram. I watched her and then, turning to the doctor, I saw his stare, the little round "o" on his lips.

"And remember this, when I came here forty years ago I wouldn't have touched the tourist side. We had a very exclusive colony. Moneyed people. 1914 finished that," said the doctor, blowing out a cloud of cigar smoke, and his shame disappeared into it. "It was a humiliation. It was unpleasant for a man in my position, but I had to go to the hotels."

His large voice became lower, smaller.

"The last knock has been the worst. Not what you expect in old age. I'm down to treating the Spanish nobility. They're the richest people on earth and they don't pay."

"That's what annoys me about you writer fellows," said the doctor. "You come down here with your heads full of posters and what you've read. The place goes to your heads. You take up with the girls. The next thing you're in trouble and you come running to me. Two years later I get a signed copy of the book and the whole thing has been fixed on me. *Death's Serenade, The Guitar, Bulls and Bread*—they've all done the same thing."

"And what do I get out of it?" the doctor said.

The doctor drank and the drink seemed to wet his eyes.

"What about the economics?" he said.

And then, he straightened himself and buttoned all the writers in again. He put in order all the characters he had been. The trams went by with their loads and he seemed to become all those people, too; the perpetual bark of Spanish voices in the street became part of him. In the doorway of the cinema opposite, where the bell was endlessly ringing and where nobody went, were the posters showing some impossible picture of the film. The doctor pushed one cheek out with his tongue and put on his hat. His half-hour of nakedness had ended. He was ceasing to be a character. He offered himself no more.

"*I* could tell a tale," the doctor said, with resolution.

"What would you say if I told you that was Dewbell's own story? What would you say if I told you the kiddie that sold us the lottery tickets was Dewbell's own child?" said the doctor.

"You'd say," said the doctor, "I was not a gentleman. You would say that I was a liar."

And then I saw his meaning. If not Dewbell's, then shall we say Meredith's, even Dickens's? Begin anywhere; for an old man, the years slide together or expand at will: the past is one. Even I might be one of his random candidates. The war of revenge on literature had begun. Marked, watched, stalked and maimed once too often, the doctor was turning rogue. Short of money; no stomachs, no kidneys, no bowels left in the best people. He was becoming a writer himself.

V. S. Pritchett

The Arts and Entertainment

MUSIC

In some quarters the Third Programme has been reproached for its practice of taking down historically important but neglected works from the shelf and bringing them to the test of performance. Such complaints are unpleasantly Philistine, for if there is one thing which the Third Programme ought to do for us, it is to enlarge the absurdly narrow boundaries of our musical experience. Accomplished score-readers are few, and printed scores, once we stray outside the standard repertory, extremely difficult of access; in no other art is the intelligent public so closely dependent on the exertions of other people. To find a parallel in literature or painting we should have to stretch our imaginations: to suppose, for example, the texts of all Elizabethan writers except Shakespeare to be both rare and comprehensible only to scholars; or to fancy the craft of reproduction to be non-existent, so that an untravelled Englishman could form no impression of Giotto except by hearsay.

What makes these B.B.C. resurrections all the more valuable is that one can seldom predict their results. It is not enough to consult the experts. When musicologists venture from the domain of history into that of criticism, they often continue to see their subject through antiquarian spectacles, so that their verdicts are apt to appear as inexplicable to the outside world as do the wilder architectural quirks of Mr. John Betjeman. Consequently it is difficult to guess which revival will prove to be a mere curiosity, and which a valuable æsthetic experience. Consider the case of Agostino Steffani. This remarkable Venetian composer-diplomat, who lived from 1654 to 1728, is certainly treated with great respect in the reference books; *Grove* goes so far as to compare his *Stabat Mater* with the finest work of Purcell and Alessandro Scarlatti. But that is the kind of statement scholars are always making, so that the strength, sweetness and variety of the work came as a delightful surprise, and listeners who happened to tune in may well have wondered why they have never heard before of Steffani or his *Stabat Mater*, while the insipid eighteenth-century setting by Pergolesi is becoming quite familiar, and has lately even been recorded. Another revival of great value was the *Christmas Oratorio* of Heinrich Schütz. Schütz (1585–1672) occupies an important place in all histories of music, but we are lazily inclined to think of him—when we think of him at all—as a mere precursor of Bach; what we leave out of our imaginary picture is the Italian element, a dramatic and almost sensuous quality of writing for the solo voice, which in this work of his old age is touchingly combined with the profound religious feeling of a German Protestant.

Steffani and Schütz, then, proved delightful beyond expectation. But is there not a certain amount of "sad stuff" to be heard in the course of the long-drawn-out "Purcell Anthology"? To breathe a word against Purcell is now the supreme heresy, so let us pass on to the case of Cherubini, once the most venerable figure in the world of music and the hero of an incredibly illustrious group, including Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn and Schumann. Beethoven thought him the greatest of living composers—after himself; and not until Berlioz did the reaction set in which has lasted ever since. It was therefore with unusual curiosity that we awaited the B.B.C.'s miniature Cherubini festival, which brought us the First String Quartet, the Second Mass and his most celebrated opera, *Les Deux Journées*.

What others may have made of it all I can't say; for me, alas, Cherubini goes back to his shelf: Gad, sir, Berlioz was right! Fine ideas, of course, especially in the Quartet (perhaps its successors are more continuously interesting); an air of sustained nobility; a mastery of euphonious and effective part-writing. But dull, dull, dull; so monotonous that it becomes a real puzzle to discover why this music meant so much to the generation which neglected Schubert. They set great store by "grandeur," of course; and Professor Dent still finds it possible to talk about the "dramatic grandeur" of the church works; but how often, I wonder, could he bear to hear that Mass? What kills it for us now is the absence, for long stretches, of the element of surprise; just as what kills atonal and twelve-tonal music for most of us (or rather prevents it from ever coming to life in our minds) is the exact opposite, the total absence of expectation. The see-saw of these two elements constitutes, it always seems to me, the essence of intellectual musical pleasure; without expectation music becomes a merely sensuous flux; without surprise it dwindles into a formula.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

THE MOVIES

"Quai des Orfèvres," at the Rialto

"Road to Rio," at the Plaza

M. Louis Jouvet, still making his multiple appearances at the Academy, pops up again as a police inspector in *Quai des Orfèvres*. Pops up, however, would never be quite the word for this brilliant if curious actor. He looms on the scene, sometimes sardonically, sometimes with implacable charm, sometimes in the full-blown eccentricity of an ataxic gait. One remembers him, the same and yet different, at a desolating tilt in the most squalid episode of *Carnet de Bal;* as the ageing demon lover in *La Fin du Jour* (that remarkable school for acting); lolling and lurching his way through Gorky's *Nether Depths;* and in half a dozen other roles, none insignificant. Whatever the part, he has filled it with intelligence and force. He is not, perhaps, a great actor; a virtuoso, rather, possessed of remarkable presence. But, unlike the Bogarts and Masons, he can transform himself; he can (remember that taut facial display and the stiff or shambling gestures) *act*. Lately we have had the chance of enjoying his gifts for comedy; and within the sinister or eerie range we may have found ourselves surprised not a little by his adaptability. The second hero of *Monsieur Alibi*—he of the phlegmatic groan and weeping moustaches—extended our idea of Jouvet considerably; while another of his appearances in the same piece as a beaming bottom-pinching workman startled by being carelessly outside the Jouvet mode. *Quai des Orfèvres* further increases his magnetism and our enslavement. This time he is a hard, battered, disillusioned, shambling policeman who has gained his knowledge and hatred of the world from criminals, and through whose grey drizzling look shines the usual implacable will. He has even a tender spot which he will resolutely satisfy. The spectacle of this new and humbler Porfiry exercising the fascination of justice over a bunch of suspects gives a more than casual excitement to a murder of the Paris quays.

Even without Jouvet, the film would have high if not very endearing qualities. It sustains a remarkable

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'World markets' are sometimes in out-of-the-way places, and the story of the post-war selling of British films for export deserves a film script to itself. In China, for instance, coolies are often employed as the quickest means of getting films from one city to another. They battle along the old caravan routes, by paddy field, mountain pass and river; carrying *Odd Man Out, Great Expectations* or *Black Narcissus.* Every day some far-off audience is getting the chance to see its first British film, and through the medium of the film, the British people.

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atmosphere of back streets, old apartments, second-rate music-halls, photographer's studios, the vegetable market in the shadows of the Palais de Justice. The murder arises naturally enough out of unpleasant circumstances, and—rare virtue in such films!—the concealment of the murderer's identity does not in any way mislead us about the characters of the people under suspicion. *Quai des Orfèvres* is in fact an exceptionally well-made and well-worked-out piece.

What raises it unmistakably out of its class is its realism about people as well as circumstances, and the uncommon pictorial skill of the director, Henry-Georges Clouzot. He takes us into a *café chantant* or a photographer's studio or a police station, and an unpredictable, warring detail brings the scene to life instantly. The black-coated official, for example, at the cross-examination yawning and fiddling with a toothpick, who suddenly asks a commanding question when his superior comes in at the door. An almost unbearable suspense is engendered when everyone is waiting to go home on Christmas Eve and still the final confession hasn't been extorted. Clouzot packs his screen extraordinarily, so that a life outside the particular drama in hand is always persistently intruding: he never wastes a corner or a movement. This is as invigorating to the eye as the attitude to human nature is, it must be confessed, depressing. Clouzot was responsible for *Le Corbeau,* which I mentioned last week among the films long overdue for a showing in London.

Road to Rio, the latest Hope-Crosby charade, keeps the holiday mood of its predecessors and has some very funny moments in fair grounds and on board ship. Mr. Hope has to ride a bicycle on a tight-rope and freeze in the disguise of a carcass of beef. Mr. Crosby, sleekly pleased as ever, croons inconspicuously. For Miss Lamour, the marzipan of this cake, an age-long problem has been solved—what to do when acting. The plot is so arranged that for long periods she goes about under hypnotic influence.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green was excellent Saturday entertainment, and I wish there were similar *bonnes bouches* every week-end. Mr. Douglas Cleverdon's adaptation of the antique comic novel by "Cuthbert Bede" (the Rev. Edward Bradley, well known in some circles as a poet) was very amusing and skilful; it knew when to dawdle and when to hurry; and Mr. Cleverdon had had the brilliant idea of interrupting the proceedings every now and then with the voices of two *laudatores temporis acti,* commenting sadly on the dear dead days beyond recall. But alas, it cannot be pretended that either Mr. John Betjeman or Mr. Osbert Lancaster proved quite witty or ripe enough for the occasion. They had their moments, of course, amid a certain amount of mumbling and hesitation. It was very nice when one of them snorted that Oxford dons seem to spend more time these days on the Third Programme than in their tutorials; but the anecdotal element in their conversation gave a second-hand quality to their intrusions; and I found myself longing for, say, two Jack Trains to give us a real sense of a grand absurd *jemenfoutisme:* Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Lancaster appeared, from their references, to belong to a hanger-on sort of generation rather than to a really wicked one they seemed to leave a slightly unpleasant taste in the mouth—intentionally, perhaps, but there is no virtue in trying to be immoral if you haven't really got it in you. In immorality, only the best is good enough. The acting in the play itself was delicious, the two-minute characters such as the tailor and the college guide being especially good; the hunting-horns were very funny indeed, and deserved their special mention at the end. Altogether this was a very important programme.

I am not among those who find that broadcast Christmas celebrations fall flat; one needs only to be a suspicious chooser of what one listens to, and everything usually turns out all right. The centrepiece of Christmas Day, the hook-up programme called *Men of Goodwill,* produced by Mr. Laurence Gilliam and Mr. Leonard Cottrell, was sensitive and sensible and completely flabbergasting in its technical adroitness and smoothness. It is the sober poetry of the programme as a whole that one mainly remembers—though one doesn't forget the village schoolchildren from Switzerland, the glimpse of Poland, the weather-ship (with Mr. Alex McCrindle, as we now learn, doing his part under more than the expected difficulties). Later in the day there was a first-rate *Itma,* and a rather less than first-rate "How" programme on Games. This had, as ever, brilliant passages; but I did not feel that Mr. Potter had willingly suspended his belief in games to a sufficiently seemly degree. And where was Frau, or rather Mrs. Treubel? We know, from last Christmas, that she appreciates, and by now probably shares, our national love of sports and laughings: it was not to be counted on that she should have no say on this occasion. Mrs. Moss also seemed a little withdrawn into herself. I am glad the Jubilee *How to Listen* is to be repeated next week. It is incomparably the funniest programme the Third has ever consciously put out; and I would suggest that it is the best piece of comic radio ever written.

The Third is to be thrice blest for giving us the superb opening-night of the Milan Opera Season. I know that there could be much better Otellos than Sgr. Vinay; and Sgra. Caniglia is now far from being the exquisite Desdemona she was at Covent Garden in the summer of 1939. But Sgr. Bechi's Jago, which one had, after all, been principally waiting for, was in every way wonderful to hear. It is sad to think we may never hear him in England. Why, by the way, have Mr. Stephen Williams's pleasant Friday afternoon opera programmes been replaced by a repeat of *The Critics*? Everywhere one hears of our growing love of opera. Can our love of criticism be even stronger? If so, I think it should be discouraged a little.

Henry Reed

THE THEATRE

"Pride Shall Have a Fall," at the Arts Theatre

"The Relapse," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

George Croly, author and divine, wrote some minor poems which have been described as being "penned with an energy which almost conceals the essential commonplace of the thought." His comedy, first performed at Coventry Garden in 1824, might share this criticism. From the frustrated elopement to the double wedding, the outcome of the plot is never in doubt. The scene is Palermo, but might be Plymouth. The characters are a titled grocer, his two marriageable daughters, the romantic, turbulent adventurer—played with great vigour by John Slater—and four Sicilian Hussars, officer types of any army, on whom the author has lavished his satire. "My beard," observes the exquisite Cornet Count Carmine, arranging his whiskers before a duel, "is three-quarters of an hour too dark." The devil makes a brief but irrelevant appearance. The author laughs at the follies of his time in a manner almost Gilbertian, and there are some charming airs, arranged by Geoffrey Dunn. The production lightly and skilfully furthers Croly's intentions.

Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott lead the revival of Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*—an amusing notion for the Company of Four's Christmas production, which half succeeds. Mr. Cyril Ritchard leads the fun and frolic of the farce with the broadest of gusto in which he is notably abetted by the producer (Anthony Quayle), Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (Hamlyn Benson), Miss Hoyden (Jessie Evans) and Coupler (Mr. Richard Wordsworth). Miss Elliott is less happily placed in the centre of the comedy of manners that frames the farce, and the company missed the elegance and the balance necessary to bring this part off. The result is a somewhat lop-sided version but it makes a gay evening.

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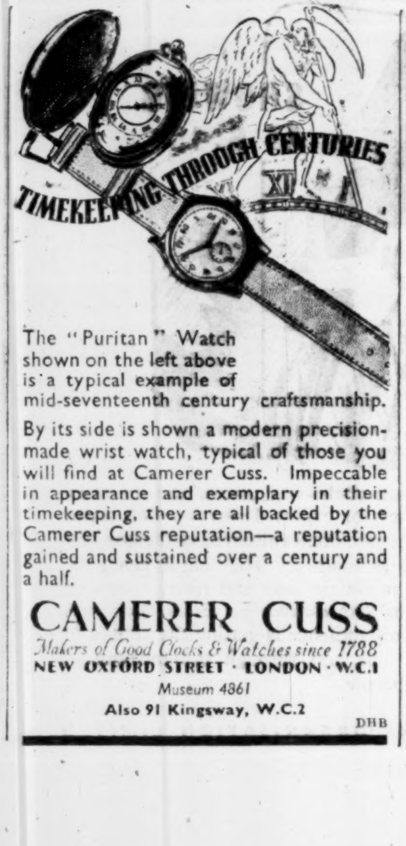

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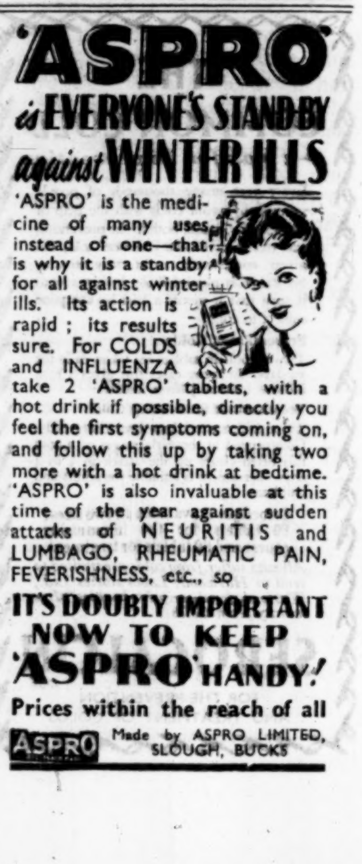

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Correspondence

THE MARSHALL PLAN

SIR,—The ordinary citizen is left largely in ignorance of the detailed conditions which Congress is likely to attach to the European Aid Programme. You have invited us to examine the mouth of the Gift Horse, but we have been given so far but a vague glimpse of the teeth, in the Harriman and Herter Reports. The Communists are now being accused of "wrecking" the Plan, by which, I assume, is meant, pointing out the bad teeth in the mouth. It is necessary, therefore, that we should examine these teeth, to see how deep they bite into our national interests.

The problem now for Britain is not so much on what terms we can get aid as on what terms we can get trade. Nevertheless, the experience of Unrra, the original agency of international recovery and whose rehabilitation work the Marshall offer last June was designed to carry on, is exceedingly relevant.

First, it is to be noted that foreign aid was still required in the Unrra receiving countries in Europe, after the Unrra programmes were completed. This was largely because rehabilitation supplies had been restricted in favour of relief. This is again proposed in the Harriman Report, yet without adequate machinery and capital equipment the receiving countries could never, and can never, re-establish their own producing capacities.

Second, the Unrra plan is revived by which receipts by the Governments from the proceeds of sale of relief supplies shall be blocked in a special Fund, to be spent on administrative expenses, rehabilitation projects, etc. Unrra had eventually to agree that these sums might be spent on immediate Government expenditure, as long as "within a reasonable period" equivalent sums went to rehabilitation projects, etc. This is the only practicable plan. The Governments of Western Europe desperately need to balance their budgets. If they cannot use these receipts to do so, further lack of confidence in the currency concerned will follow and the sums blocked will become, through inflation, utterly worthless long before recovery projects are begun.

Third, Unrra programmes suffered from a lack of free dollars, to encourage both inter-European trade and trade in the dollar area. Unless trade is to be divided into water-tight compartments of dollar and no-dollar areas, with goods (in the form of relief) moving between them in one direction only, European countries, especially Britain, must be able to earn dollars among themselves by their European trading. For European nations to become permanent debtors of the U.S., unable ever to earn dollars, would be to aggravate, not to solve, the problem of Europe's present dollar dependence. Unrra's part-solution was that, when Unrra-receiving countries provided each other with items on the Unrra programme, their respective dollar budgets were appropriately adjusted by the dollar value of the goods.

Fourth, provision of certain Unrra supplies was made conditional on acceptance by the Governments concerned of the representatives or "advisers" of the big foreign companies who controlled the supplies. National sovereignty is as much diminished (and far more frequently) when shares in basic industries are sold by private deals as when governments "sell out" by public treaties.

Finally, those countries, which made best use of Unrra aid, did not make Unrra the main means of their recovery, but based their rebuilding on their own raw materials and manpower. Unrra programmes were in fact worked out, within supply and dollar availabilities, by the receiving governments. Sovereign governments must be free to plan the details of their recovery measures, in order ultimately to work their way out of debt.

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PALESTINE

SIR,—One of the principal reasons for the unhappy history of the British Mandate in Palestine has been the constantly recurring failure to impress either Arabs or Jews with a conviction of our intention resolutely to pursue our publicly declared policy.

Unhappily, the same irresolution which has characterised past British declarations of policy, also characterises Uno's decision. The Arab reaction to partition is largely explained by the expectation of British support. It is apparent to any disinterested student of Middle Eastern affairs that, failing outside support and encouragement, the possibility of any united defence of Arab Palestine by the Arab States is so remote as to be scarcely worth considering. The Arab League is no more united than are the United Nations. But British Middle East "experts" are talking in their usual way about "the friendship of the Arab world" as if the Arab world were more of an entity than the "Central American world."

Not even the conviction of British encouragement and diplomatic support will induce "the Arab world" to anything in the nature of organised military action in defence of Palestine, but such presumed encouragement and support will certainly stimulate Arab Palestine to resistance, will certainly assist in the recruitment of Arab volunteers from outside Palestine; and will probably lead to the adoption of reprisals against the Jewish inhabitants of Arab countries outside Palestine. Does the British Government really regard partition as such an unsatisfactory solution that they are justified in stimulating Arab resistance to it?

In the second place, the announcement of the partition decision without the simultaneous provision of means to implement it is hardly calculated to convince the Arabs of the futility of resistance to the will of the General Assembly. Furthermore, since the announcement, it has become apparent that U.S.A. is seriously alarmed lest the partition decision should provide U.S.S.R. with an excuse to send troops to Palestine. Even if it were decided to send a United Nations force to Palestine, the prospect of U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. agreeing on the composition of such a force would be extremely remote. In fact, Russo-American rivalry makes it increasingly probable that no force at all will be sent to Palestine, and that partition, if it is enforced at all, will be enforced by Haganah with the moral authority, for what it is worth, of the United Nations Commission.

Every circumstance surrounding the partition decision seems calculated to maximise Arab resistance to it. On the one hand, the chances of frightening the United Nations off partition seem to be good provided that the difficulties of implementing it are sufficiently magnified; on the other hand, the only apparent means of implementing it is so objectionable to the Arabs as to inflame Arab popular feeling against it to a much greater extent than would otherwise be the case.

Partition, resolutely enforced, either by Great Britain alone, or by the United Nations acting in concert, would, in all probability, have provided a workable solution of the Palestine problem. Partition, as it is now being applied, will either be abandoned in face of the unwillingness of the United Nations to accept the implications of its imposition by the Jews themselves, or else it will lead to years of guerrilla warfare between Arabs and Jews.

There is, of course, a relevant precedent of the British Government's attitude. See Matthew 27, verse 24. JOHN MARLOWE

Cairo.

CRISIS IN ITALY

SIR,—Your special correspondent marshals his facts with care to sustain his arguments (if I follow them correctly) that (1) the Allies made a great blunder in failing to give the Partisans full control; (2) Fascism, aided by the Vatican, rushed into the vacuum and remains in force; and (3) Nenni and Togliatti are the clearest thinkers, and only possible saviours, of

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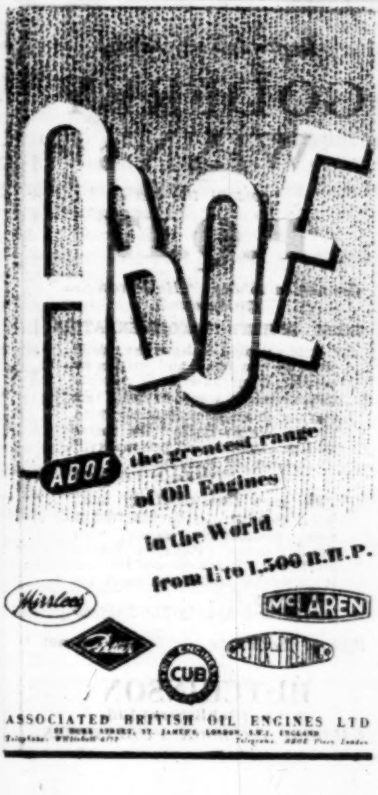

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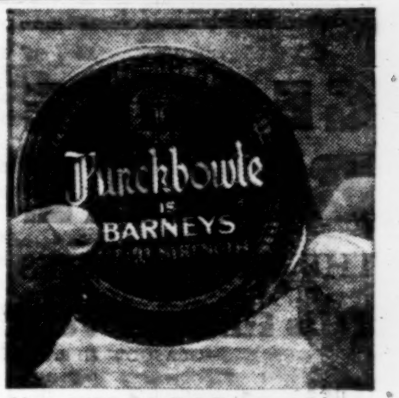

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Italy. These ancient arguments of the angelic Left may be, I venture to suggest, disprovable.

In the first place, I cannot believe that anyone who experienced the war in Italy would seriously suggest a handing-over of power to the Partisans at any time. Doubtless there were many gallant fighters among them ; doubtless their service was useful (though less so than that of the Italian aviators who flew their sorties in irreparable old machines from 1943 onwards); but by the time Allied troops arrived anywhere, Partisanship was claimed by a rabble of doubtful persons, armed and ready not only to loot but to wreak every sort of personal vendetta. To separate sheep from goats in the heat of battle was impossible (and in fact has never at any time or anywhere successfully been accomplished) ; and to hand over control to wild self-elected groups would, if it had been put to a vote, have been against the will of nine-tenths of the Italian nation. Alexander's armies (of which poor scapegoat A.M.G. was only the handmaid) rightly disarmed the patriots and avoided in Italy a crisis as bad as, or worse than, that of Greece.

One cannot prove or disprove anything about "Fascism," since the word has become merely a convenient label for anyone who does not agree with the more violent assertions of the Left. Mussolini's Fascism suited Italy in many things : it had good men in it and did much good work, as anyone must admit, and as we admitted until it crossed our imperialistic path ; and it is dead as the dodo in Italy—though that does not mean that Conservative or "reactionary" feeling is extinct any more than it is in England. What has taken the place (and generally the building) of the militant, propagandist, and menacing side of Fascism is Communism. Communist clubs in every village, Communist films and dances, Communist wall-sheets and slogans, Communist agitators and agitations and raids on Right-wing institutions—all these are quite familiar to anyone who was in Italy in 1922 ; but, thanks to de Gasperi, they have so far much less force.

I have heard Nenni and Togliatti speak : excellent demagogues both. What have they done for Italy ? They insisted on the *scala mobile*, or sliding scale of wages, which produced an ascending spiral of prices. That had to end, and Einaudi's reforms have not been pleasant ; but prices have dropped. The *contadini*, of course, do not like that ; but since there are some twenty million of them still doing very well and not prepared to give away an inch of ground, I doubt if your correspondent's figure of 600,000 *braccianti* or landless peasants, counts for much. It is of course always nice to talk of giving away someone else's large estate ; but the system of *mezzadria* is very flexible, and, I would say, extremely fair.

Your correspondent talks much of "corruption" and links it with the dollar (not with the rouble, of course). Italy is corrupt, in the sense that Italians do not look gift horses in the mouth and that almost everyone considers it good fun to cheat the Government and the next door neighbour. They always have and always, I guess, will. However, if, as your correspondent says, the poor Allies did not bring Italy (or even themselves) a New World, might it not be said that at least they brought food and dollars, and quite a lot of good feeling, too ?

Is there really a "crisis in Italy"—any more, at least, than anywhere else ? We who have lived here for the last three years have seen the almost incredible recovery of a country anarchised by the collapse of a regime and laid flat from end to end by war. Times are still hard, and rougher times may lie ahead ; but if by crisis are meant the agitations of the Left to discredit a Government that is doing well, the crisis is a flop. A great deal of tolerance, freedom, and gaiety exists under the Italian sky : and it seems to me both false and churlish to deny that de Gasperi, with immense patience, skill, and moderation, has piloted the battered Italian ship of state through the rough seas of two years, past Fascist shoals and Communist reefs, and brought it, if not quite into port, at least within sight of it. LIONEL FIELDEN.

Firenze.

INFANT SCHOOLS

SIR,—The wartime increase in the birth rate has aggravated the shortage of teachers of infants which was beginning to make itself felt before the war. Nor is the shortage confined to a few localities; it is nationwide, and is known to be engaging the urgent attention of the Ministry of Education. In London the immediate situation is causing the Education Committee real concern. It is, indeed, serious enough to warrant my making an appeal to your readers.

The London County Council has need of many more women teachers in Primary Schools and this is particularly true of Infants' Schools. Normally the Council seeks to recruit to its schools teachers who have had the usual two-year course of training, but at present there are not enough of these to go round. In view of the expected incidence of illness during the winter months, and pending the desired increase in the output of infants' teachers from the training colleges, it has to be considered whether, as a temporary expedient, recruitment from other sources is practicable, lest in the months to come some of our five-year olds have to be denied admission to school. The Council is ready to engage many more women in all districts of London for full-time or for part-time teaching in infants' and junior schools.

There must surely be in London a large number of married women who could spare part of the week to teach in an infants' school in their locality. Trained ex-teachers of infants would be especially welcomed, but there is nothing to prevent, in present circumstances, a woman graduate who has not had the usual course of training in teaching technique from being employed as a "qualified" teacher provided that the Council's advisers regard her as suitable. The help of any of your readers who may themselves be eligible and willing to take up this work, or who know others who are, would be warmly welcomed by the London Education Committee. Offers should be addressed to the Education Officer (T.S.9), The County Hall, S.E.1. HELEN C. BENTWICH

Chairman, L.C.C. Education Committee

M. VERDOUX

SIR,—Like Critic (in your last week's issue) I greatly enjoyed Charlie Chaplin's new film. I enjoyed it because of the brilliant virtuosity of Chaplin's acting, but is it really probable that, if it was a frost in New York, that was because audiences found it seriously "subversive" when "judged by current American standards," or that a sophisticated first-night audience would have received it with "frustrated fury," because they felt that M. Verdoux's decision to earn his living by large-scale murder of a particularly mean and cold-blooded kind is "according to the strict ethics of capitalism ?"

If Verdoux had taken to burglary *à la* Raffles as a revenge on society, there might have been something in the argument ; but the criminal of the Landru or Brides-in-the-Bath Smith brand is a recognised type of degenerate who is not the product of economic circumstances and who may crop up, though fortunately rarely, in any kind of society. It seems to me much more likely that, if the film has failed to attract audiences in New York, that is because people found Verdoux's declamations unconvincing and tedious when what they wanted was more and merrier murders. To my mind the weakness of the film is in its structure, especially in the rather muddled scenes towards the end, and in the generally low standard of the acting other than Chaplin's. But, like Critic, I should like to see it again.

Critic says that the picture has proved enormously popular in London. On the afternoon when I saw it a few days ago, the theatre was noticeably empty. It is true that that was in the afternoon when right-minded people should be at work, but I stayed till the end of the programme and there then seemed to be no rush of incomers. Time will show whether it will be popular enough to secure a long run.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE third volume of the *History of the Times** is a contribution of capital importance to historical literature. It covers a period (1884 to 1912) in which the fortunes alike of Britain and the paper passed through exciting crises and underwent a decisive revolution. Its importance is due to the large and responsible spirit in which the editors have interpreted their task. As a portrait of events and personalities it is supremely interesting, at once striking and careful, drawn with intimate knowledge and with insight; as a discussion of the conduct of the paper and its domestic troubles it is conspicuously honest and fair. An editor who wished merely to glorify the *Times* would have produced a much less valuable book.

The special interest of the book, apart from the remarkable story of the capture of the *Times* by Northcliffe, is that it takes us behind the scenes in some dramatic episodes of our history. Readers will turn naturally to the chapters on the Parnell Commission and the Jameson Raid. The *Times* blunder over the Parnell letters brought the paper to the verge of ruin. The *Times* suffered no such penalty for its share of responsibility for the Jameson Raid, but that share, as these pages show, was no light one.

Pigott's forgeries, brought to the *Times* by Houston, secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, who had swallowed them, were swallowed also by Walter, the chief proprietor, Macdonald the manager, and Buckle, the editor. We learn from this book that they had been shown to Sir Henry James, who had suspected forgery. The *Times* did not listen to his warning and decided to launch out on a great campaign on the subject of agrarian crime in Ireland, and to print the letters proving Parnell's complicity as a climax. The climax came in due course, but it was not the climax that Walter, Macdonald and Buckle expected.

In the Parnell affair Walter, Macdonald and Buckle were all involved in the fatal decision to print the Pigott forgery. In the case of the Jameson Raid, Moberly Bell, who had become manager after Macdonald's death, pursued his own plans without consulting or informing Buckle. This was possible because the manager had the predominant share in the control of the foreign service of the paper. Moberly Bell became all powerful in this sphère. In 1890 he took Flora Shaw on to the staff as a writer on colonial questions, and soon made her head of the colonial department. That remarkable woman knew Rhodes well and was completely under his spell. During the crucial months of 1895 it is impossible to disentangle her two characters, as a journalist and an agent for promoting Rhodes's schemes. In the first character she was constantly at the Colonial Office; in the second she was constantly in communication with Rhodes himself and his shady accomplice, Rutherfoord Harris. As Bell himself also doubled the two characters, the *Times* was soon deep in the Rhodesian plot.

The Jameson Raid of December 29th, 1895, came out of Rhodes's plan for using the discontent in the Transvaal, caused by Kruger's treatment of the Outlanders, to seize control of the State. At the time Rhodes occupied a remarkable position. He was Prime Minister of Cape Colony with Dutch support. Having made a fortune, he had shown that he was not like most of his friends, a clever and unscrupulous financier, and nothing more, but a man with large political ideas. Some of his ideas, like his fancy for a great Anglo-German combination, were fantastic. In South African politics he sought to extinguish the feud between the two white peoples. His tastes, his sympathies, his freedom from racial arrogance, distinguished him from Milner, whose stiff and academic nature found no point of contact with Dutch farmers. By the autumn of 1895 he had a fair prospect of bringing South Africa one day into some form of federation. He enjoyed the confidence and even the affection of the Cape Dutch; he had carried Dutch opinion with him in a sharp controversy with Kruger; he had brought the Orange Free State into a customs union. Kruger was an obstinate old man, slow by art as well as by nature, but the general outlook was not unpromising.

Unhappily, Rhodes lacked patience. The old buccaneer was still in his blood. It was not by patience but by audacity and push that he had made his fortune. The statesman suddenly reverted to the buccaneer, and decided on a coup, abandoning his plan of managing and guiding the temper of South Africa to his desired end. Discontent in Johannesburg was to be fomented and mobilised and at the right moment Jameson was to enter the Transvaal with an armed force. His Cabinet, mainly Dutch, had, of course, to be deceived, and the Bond, the Dutch organisation, was to wake up on December 30th to find that it had given its confidence to a sharper.

How closely the *Times* was implicated by its manager in this scheme is brought out clearly in this book. Bell was even more impatient for action than Rhodes. Two telegrams sent by Flora Shaw on December 12th and 13th, urged the danger of delay. The second message ended "Chamberlain sound in case of interference European Powers, but have special reason to believe wishes you must do it immediately." In the same message Flora Shaw gave as her own reason for the need of haste that she thought Dr. Leyds, whom she had seen in London, was in negotiation with the Hague, Berlin and Paris. Rhodes himself put in a similar plea in defending his conduct before the Select Committee of Inquiry. It is difficult to believe that any sane man could have thought that if there was a danger that a foreign Power might undermine or shake the British position in South Africa, a British Government would put itself in a stronger position for meeting that danger by a filibustering escapade making every Dutchman in South Africa its enemy.

Light is thrown on this second Flora Shaw message by Garvin's biography of Chamberlain. On December 18th Chamberlain was at Highbury, and Meade, head of the Colonial Office, wrote to ask him whether he would like the "Outlander movement" to be postponed for a year or so, and Chamberlain replied the next day that, unless it could be postponed for a year at least, it would be better for it to come at once. Chamberlain's reason for wanting to avoid a crisis six months later was that our dispute with the U.S.A. over Venezuela might by that time have become acute. Chamberlain's view was passed on to Rhodes's man, Rochefort Maguire, who cabled it to Rhodes, who in turn sent a message to Johannesburg through Beit urging "instant flotation."

The situation was all but saved at the last moment, and, oddly enough, by another *Times* correspondent. Sir Francis Younghusband, afterwards of world-wide fame in the realms of culture and religion, a young soldier who had served the *Times* as correspondent in Chitral, was asked by Bell to go to South Africa. Younghusband, after seeing Bell and Flora Shaw in London, saw Rhodes at the Cape, and the chief reformers in Johannesburg. He reached very different conclusions from Flora Shaw and Bell. He reported a lukewarm and divided movement, and he found the miners indifferent about the franchise. How accurately he had divined the temper of the agitation that Rhodes was trying to fan into flames was soon shown when the reformers themselves asked him to go at once to Rhodes to say that the Jameson move must be postponed until their own serious disagreements about the future of the Transvaal were composed. Rhodes made a wry face, but he realised from Younghusband's account that the thing had to be done. He wired to Jameson to keep quiet, and his brother sent Jameson a similar message on behalf of the Johannesburg leaders. Unhappily, Jameson's temperature went up as fast as the temperature of Johannesburg went down. On December 30th Rhodes learnt to his dismay that Jameson had flouted his orders and had started.

All that could be done now was to put the best face possible on a sorry adventure clearly doomed to failure. Rutherfoord Harris rose to the emergency. Jameson had in his possession a letter written several weeks earlier inviting him to march into the Transvaal. Half a dozen of the Johannesburg leaders had signed the letter. They had been very reluctant to trust him with it (as events proved with good reason), but he had persuaded them by saying that he would need it to put him right with his employers, the Chartered Company. Harris now cabled the text of this letter, which included a reference to the danger "threatening thousands of unarmed men, women and children" to Flora Shaw, and it was printed in the *Times*. But he did more. He gave the undated letter the date of December 28th. The letter made a great impression in England. It would have made rather a different impression if those who read it had known that the letter was several weeks old, and that Jameson, when he started, had in his possession a message from the men who had signed it imploring him not to move. Thus the *Times*, which had unintentionally passed off a forged letter on the British public in the Parnell affair, was used by Harris to hoax it again with a fabrication.

The present editors pass a severe judgment on Bell:

> Bell had taken the risk of allowing Miss Shaw to commit the *Times* to the support of Rhodes in a conspiracy that was bound to lead to controversy if it succeeded and likely to lead to prosecution if it failed. The conspiracy had failed; the prosecution had resulted. Bell was open to severe censure from the Government. His only salvation lay in Miss Shaw's willingness to take personal responsibility for the telegrams and to convince the Committee accordingly.

Miss Shaw's skill in evasion was sometimes hard-pressed and it is not surprising to learn that Bell and Buckle listened to the play of question and answer "in a state of nervous excitement." Bell, at any rate, knew that if her answers kept too strictly to the truth he could not escape.

Bell, so mischievous an influence on the South African problem, did a public service later in organising a distinguished staff of foreign correspondents. Towards the end of last century Britain was drawn into the Continental world. Salisbury clung to isolation, and the traditional dread of foreign commitments kept its hold on most British minds. It is hard to over-estimate the value in these conditions of the work of such men as Saunders, Bourchier, Morrison and Steed in educating opinion. Not that there was any considerable immediate result. The contrast between the weight and tone of such despatches as Steed's and the strange aloofness of most public men from Continental affairs must strike any reader of this volume. The fate of the *Times* is a good illustration. For some twenty years it was in great financial difficulties, and Bell resorted to all kinds of devices for keeping the wolf from the door. Then came the crisis. The story of the manoeuvres by which Northcliffe upset the first plan for giving Pearson control reads like a detective story. But how did it happen that the leaders of so rich a party, men who should have known what formidable problems were gathering on the horizon, made no effort to keep the paper in hands they could trust, but left its future to chance? At one moment there was actually a plan under discussion by which the paper would have come under German influence. The world was becoming a much more dangerous place for Britain and yet we had such reckless escapades as the Ulster rebellion. The truth was so little grasped that the shock of 1914 came as a bolt from the blue to nine persons out of ten. We were, indeed, before the first war rather in the position of the United States before the second, with Grey playing the part of Franklin Roosevelt.

J. L. HAMMOND

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* *History of the Times. The Twentieth Century Test*, 1884-1912. Printing House Square, 25s.

NELSON WITHOUT TEARS

Nelson. By CAROLA OMAN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 42*s*.

Here is the second biography of Nelson to appear this winter; but no rivalry need arise between Mr. Renalt Capes's slim volume and the massive book in which Miss Oman has compiled the solid fruit of five years' research. In *Poseidon* the author stressed the incidents in Nelson's career that exposed the character of the man—"a personal study" he called it. *Nelson* records the bare facts without any emphasis or interpretation. An occasional dry comment is all that Miss Oman allows herself in the course of 681 pages. Her pen advances with the measured tread of an historian pacing out some field of knowledge reclaimed from the erosion of past centuries. Not for her the skipping imagination, the fanciful theories, nor the psychological subtleties that afflict many a modern biographer.

"The bibliography of Nelson is enormous, but comparatively little of it has any real value," wrote Sir J. K. Laughton. Moreover, from an historian's point of view, it is unsatisfactory that some of the most important material has to be accepted at second-hand. Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton were stolen from her and published in 1814 by James Harrison—"a man of dreadful calling, a hireling," as Miss Oman describes him. So poor an opinion was held of the man by his contemporaries that the letters were treated as forgeries at the time—and Harrison never produced the original documents. In 1849 Dr. James Pettigrew made use of the Harrison documents for his biography of Nelson. But again the originals were never exhibited, and Pettigrew, too, was discredited. Since that date the manuscripts have disappeared; but their authenticity was eventually accepted some forty years later, when a large parcel of Nelson's holograph letters to Lady Hamilton came up for auction. This is a striking instance of how slowly truth seeps through the tough walls of prejudice. For the facts that the public found so unpalatable to swallow were that Nelson's relation with Lady Hamilton was not platonic and that Horatia was their daughter. Horatia herself died in 1882 without ever knowing the truth. She was inclined to believe that Nelson was her father, but, although she had lived for 12 years as a child with Lady Hamilton, she never recognised her mother. Those who still denounce the Government's shabby treatment of Nelson's "last codicil" at Trafalgar—the bequest of Lady Hamilton and Horatia "to my King and country"—seldom remember that at the time Lady Hamilton's only link with Nelson was supposed to be the purest friendship, and that Horatia was the reputed daughter of a sailmaker called Thompson. Moreover, Lady Hamilton, for all her pathetic appeals and remonstrances, clung to this absurd fiction as long as she lived.

Apart from the Harrison-Pettigrew correspondence, Miss Oman, whose aim is never to go beyond the substantiated truth, relies entirely on first-hand sources. Her scrupulous methods have been well rewarded. In the Nelson Museum at Monmouth, where Nelson's letters to his wife are to be found, Miss Oman discovered grave discrepancies between the original text and the published version. In addition, more than 120 letters had never seen the light of print. But Miss Oman is not only to be commended for her scholarship. To make an appropriate selection from this jostle of material and convert it into a smooth, well-ordered narrative, without a dull passage or an irrelevant incident, and without obtruding her own personality, is a very great achievement. The truth, the whole truth, about a great man, need not, it must be confessed, always be interesting. It is the business of a biographer to make it so. And here Miss Oman never fails. Her *Nelson* is the satisfactory, authoritative and complete life of our great admiral, for which the world has long been waiting.

Something, however, must be said about Miss Oman's style. She writes admirable prose for a book of such length and importance—terse, vivid yet unemotional. Her occasional dry comments just brush the surface without ever breaking the flow of events. Her detachment from the characters in her story is positively Olympian: she distributes impartial justice—without any recommendations to mercy. But she exploits one stylistic trick which, though felicitous in moderation, becomes blunted with over-use. I will give an example:

> Sir Gilbert admitted that Lady Hamilton's face was beautiful. The pains she had taken to acquire education and accomplishments were remarkable and laudable. After a performance of her 'Attitudes' his allegiance had been almost won. But a Scottish gentleman, slightly below middle height and by nature reserved, had recoiled instinctively from a voiceful, glowing, seaside hostess whose person seemed to him 'nothing short of monstrous for its enormity.'

Such a sly circumlocution can be very telling on occasion; and on this particular occasion "glowing seaside hostess" for Lady Hamilton is well worth the *détour.* But the occasions are too numerous for comfort. You never know in what Protean shape Nelson is going to appear next: "The son of the Rector of Burnham Thorpe," "the son of a Norfolk parsonage," "the Comptroller's nephew," "the young captain of a British man-of-war" are legitimate periphrases. But what is one to say of "an officer who was about to proceed on active service," "an open-handed quick-spoken naval gentleman," "a young sailor in a hurry," or "an officer who had gone to sea at a tender age, and left part of his heart in the *Foudroyant*"? In the end such a habit of indirect speech becomes slightly perturbing. A lady with a natural bloom on her style and who has not left part of her heart with Philip Guedalla need not spoil her complexion with an extra ha'porth of make-up.

"I can never hear the name of Nelson without tears coming into my eyes—such genius, such courage, so transcendent a fate." These words from a modern historian are quoted on Miss Oman's dust cover. They are typical of the extraordinary, emotional appeal that a hero like Nelson exercises on hero-worshippers. Half-blinded by their tears they become unable to recognise the human characteristics that distinguish a great man from a graven image—and resent having them drawn to their attention. The wretched Harrison and Dr. Pettigrew were denounced for giving evidence that Nelson was sufficiently human to commit adultery with his friend's wife. Mr. Charles Morgan, reviewing Miss Oman's book recently in the columns of the *Sunday Times,* was roused to indignation by two remarks of mine about his hero—that Nelson had "the lip of the spoilt schoolboy," and that "his quick promotion in the service was not due to ability, but to family influence." It is useless to argue with such blind devotees. The pouting lower lip is noticeable in every extant portrait of Nelson for anyone who cares to see. And the raising of Nelson to the rank of post-captain at the exceptional age of 20 through the influence of his uncle, the Comptroller of the Navy, is the gist of the first chapter in the very book which Mr. Charles Morgan was reviewing. The standard life of our national hero has now, fortunately, been written by the dispassionate Miss Oman, who reveals Nelson complete, but without tears.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

FROM FEATHERS TO IRON

Robert Louis Stevenson. By LETTICE COOPER. *Home and Van Thal.* 6*s*.

Stevenson's reputation has suffered perhaps more from his early death than from any other cause. He was only forty-four when he died, and he left behind him what mainly amounts to a mass of juvenilia. Gay, bright and perennially attractive though much of this work may be, it has a spurious maturity which hides the fact, that like other men, he was developing. Indeed it was only in the last six years of his life—the Samoan years—that his fine dandified talent began to shed its disguising graces, the granite to show through. And how rich those last years were, containing as they do almost all of his best work: *The Wrong Box, The Master of Ballantrae, The Island Nights' Entertainments, The Ebb Tide* and *Weir of Hermiston.* Could he have kept it up, Henry James wondered of the last unfinished book? and added with gracious pessimism, "the reason for which he didn't reads itself back into his text as a kind of beautiful rash divination in him that he mightn't have to. Among prose fragments it stands quite alone, with the particular grace and sanctity of mutilation worn by the marble morsels of masterwork in another art."

Unfortunately Stevenson's reputation was not left in the hands of so cautious and subtle a critic. The early affected books of travel by canoe and donkey, the too personal letters full of "rot about a fellow's behaviour," with a slang that rings as falsely on the page as an obscenity in a parson's mouth, the immature musings on his craft ("Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child"), the early ethical essays of *Virginibus Puerisque,* all these were thrust into the foreground by the appearance of collected edition after collected edition: his youthful thoughts still sprinkle the commercial calenders with quotations. His comparatively uneventful life (adventurous only to the sedate Civil Service minds of Colvin and Gosse) was magnified into a saga: early indiscretions were carefully obliterated from the record, until at last his friends had their reward—that pale hollow stuffed figure in a velvet jacket with a Lang moustache, kneeling by a chair of native wood, with the pokerwork mottoes just behind the head—"to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive," etc., etc. Did it never occur to these industrious champions that as an adventurer, as a man of religion, as a traveller, as a friend of "the coloured races" he must wither into insignificance beside that other Scotsman, with the name rather like his own but the letters reshuffled into a stronger pattern, Livingstone? If he is to survive for us today, it will not be as Tusitala or the rather absurd lover collapsing at Monterrey or the dandy of Davos, but as the tired disheartened writer of the last eight years, pegging desperately away at what he failed to recognise as his master works.

Miss Lettice Cooper in her short biography has followed conventionally the well-worn tracks which James noticed had been laid carefully by the hero himself. "Stevenson never covered his tracks," James wrote. "We follow them here, from year to year and from stage to stage, with the same charmed sense with which he has made us follow some hunted hero in the heather." As an interpreter of his work she is incomparably less sensitive than Miss Janet Adam Smith who has already written to my mind the best possible book on Stevenson of this length. One cannot really dismiss *The Wrong Box* as "*a tour de force* sometimes enlivened by a faintly ghoulish humour, but with no breath of reality in the characters," and criticism such as this (Miss Cooper is dealing with *The Master of Ballantrae*) has too much of the common touch even for a popular series: "The reader feels Henry's unhappiness, even when he finds it difficult to care very much about Henry, who is, it must be confessed, a dull dog." Of *The Ebb Tide* the ignorant reader will learn only that it is "a grim study of shady characters in the South Seas."

However here for those who want it (though insufficiently charted with dates) is the obvious trail: we can watch Stevenson scatter his scraps of paper across the clearings for his pursuers to spy. His immense correspondence was mainly written with an eye on his pursuers—he encouraged Colvin to arrange it for publication. Miss Emily Dickinson wrote with some lack of wisdom in one of her poems, "I like a look of agony because I know its true," but we are never, before the last years, quite sure of the agony. Compare his Davos letters—"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling and aspires, yes, C.B., with tears after the past" or doing his courageous act, "I am better. I begin to hope that I may, if not outlive this wolverine on my shoulders, at least carry him bravely," with the letters of his last year (for suffering like literature has its juvenilia—men mature and graduate in suffering).

> "The truth is I am nearly useless at literature, and I will ask you to spare *St. Ives* when it goes to you. . . . No toil has been spared over the ungrateful canvas; and it *will not* come together, and I must live, and my family. Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, commonplace trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during these ill years. . . . It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry. So far I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article and have long known it."

A month before this he had written to his friend Baxter, admitting his life-long attempt to turn "Bald Conduct" into an emotional religion and comparing with the dreariness of his own creed the new spirit of the anarchists in Europe, men who "commit dastardly murders very basely, die like saints, and leave beautiful letters behind 'em . . . people whose conduct is inexplicable to me, and yet their spiritual life higher than that of most." Sex too was nagging at his mind, the long excluded passion. "*Si vieillesse pouvait,*" he quoted, while Colvin supplied the asterisks. He was on the eve of *Weir*: the old trim surface was cracking up: the granite was coming painfully through. It is at that point, where the spade strikes the edge of the stone, that the biographer should begin to dig.

GRAHAM GREENE

THE WHITED BOOZER

The Renaissance of the English Public House. BASIL OLIVER. *Faber.* 25s.

If one were to accept Mr. Oliver's taste in the matter of architecture, and if there were no more to it than that, then it might be conceded that something glorious of the kind suggested by his title was taking place. But the captious reader looking at the numerous plans quoted in the book cannot miss the fact that the pub is first and last a congeries of bars and urinals, and that the designer's main problem is that of balancing the landlord's facilities for getting drink into the customers with the customers' facilities for getting rid of it again without embarrassment. The photographs, too, help to give the show away with their presentation of either immaculate interiors wrapped in the silence and calm of closing time, or of such atypical bar scenes as a Mark Hambourg concert or carol singing by a village choir in full fig. There are no photographs of the familiar nine-forty-five of a Friday or Saturday night scene—when the super-duper compo-sanitary flooring is littered with crumpled racing editions, empty fag packets, butts and spent matches, and when the tipsy drinkers are jammed shoulder to shoulder along the bar trying to get in the extra round before closing time. The renaissance goes no further than an academic improvement of the appearance of the exterior of the building with a certain refinement of interior detail in the Liverpool-Swedish idiom—"moderne" decor in a fusty old neo-Georgian bottle. That is just about as far as a renaissance in the trade can go as long as the houses remain in the hands of the brewers.

Thanks to the success of the Chester-Belloc propaganda for jolly good ale and old this major social question is now obscured by even more cant than it was in the bad old days. As soon as the subject is raised the *advocatus diaboli* arrives in the guise of a healthy ordinary fellow who tells one that the days of grog shops are gone for good, and that thanks to licensing hours, the justices, and the police, beer—that healthy manly drink—is sold under conditions which can do no one any harm. "And let's face it old boy, if these by-pass roadhouses, and big-town megalopubs, are a bit characterless and a bit depressing, that's because they're in depressing places. Now you take the local, or the village pub, the same old crowd goes there night after night for the odd pint before turning in and a bit of chat—no harm in that—it's a poor man's club really—a little social centre." This argument is not without force so far as country villages are concerned, but it does not carry much conviction even there since the social centre is virtually closed to those who do not wish to drink beer or spirits. The social-centre argument is a late development which has followed a significant change in public taste. The public grew out of the old-fashioned boozer, and is fast growing out of the reformed public house. The ballrooms, tea rooms, skittle alleys, club rooms and other added features are being forced on the brewers by the increasing interest of their customers in other things than drink. They are added simply to keep people in the habit of going to the house, to bring them to the bars. The brewers' profits are in drink and the "landlord" is simply an agent whose livelihood depends on keeping the beer and spirit sales as high as possible.

The time now seems ripe for a much bolder experiment than that made in the Carlisle district. One of the new towns might do without brewers' houses altogether, or, indeed, might do without anything in the nature of a public house. Drink might be supplied in it through off-licence shops without time restrictions, and much more freely in eating-places, tea-shop cafés, cinema lounges, working-class clubs, and so on. The principle being that drink should be supplied where people would normally go for amusement and recreation, and sold in competition with the normal amusements and interests. At present it is in itself a social activity to go to the local for the sake of a drink: the ideal situation would be one in which people took a drink—if they happened to like that better than ice-cream or ginger beer—in the course of doing something amusing or interesting. Drink should be put back in its proper place as an agreeable accompaniment to good talk, good food, and good fun.

ANTHONY WEST

FANTASY PRIVATE AND PUBLIC

Chagall: Water-Colours 1942-1946. Poem by PAUL ELUARD. Introduction by Edith Hoffmann. *Lindsay Drummond/Editions Du Chêne.* 25s.

Kokoschka: Life and Work. By EDITH HOFFMANN. With two essays by Oscar Kokoschka and a foreword by Herbert Read. *Faber.* 25s.

It's the story of a very unfortunate Russian gentleman who got stranded. He began with fantasies reiterating again and again the experiences of his childhood. At first he recaptured it, its sudden delights and terrors, its unconfined enchantment, so inevitable and right in the child's eyes, so inconsequential to the adult left out in the cold. It was only later that he reminisced about it. And with what concealed sophistication he found the subtleties of form—taking just as much from Cubism as could be adapted to his mood—and the lush discords of colour, always with the modal flavour of folk-music, for what he had to express. What depth of human experience was revealed by that apparently innocent eye, the eye of a Myshkin, a sage acting the part of an absurdly sensitive and absurd child. By the time the first war began, Chagall, being then in his twenty-fifth year, had painted masterpieces:

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La Noce (1910), *A la Russie, aux Anes et aux Autres* (1911), *Les Marchands des Bestiaux* (1912), *Femme Enceinte* (1913). Here was reborn the spirit of the ikon—the formality of the Novgorod School, the sinuous lines of the Suzdal, the tenderness of Rublev.

Some painters are masters of their vision while others get mastered by it. Some profit from happiness while others are sapped by it. Chagall became the victim of both. In 1915 he married the woman who is so often said to have been his inspiration. Certainly his output did not suffer in quantity, and in technical assurance he advanced. But he became one of the lost souls of contemporary art, one of the many who got stranded in his vision, whose form grew woollier and whose colour grew prettier. He never lost his charm, and occasional reminders of his genius still appeared: in 1925, the shattering *L'Auge*, with its superb directness of form and clash of opulent purple and green; and in 1922-3 (revised in 1944) *Les Arlequins*—in one canvas the childhood of Maxim Gorky or any other Russian boy who lived poetry. But most of his work suffered because, instead of making his fantasy happen in the picture, he began to make illustrations in oils of fantasies not conceived as pictures. The fantasy became a *retreat* from the outside world, whereas it had been an *affirmation* of his inner world. His colour, growing too obviously rich, lost both its luminosity and its pungency. Before, it had sung; now it crooned.

But after 1944 Chagall's art came to life again. What is remarkable is that some of his recent work might have been painted by a Pre-Raphaelite, by the Millais of *Ophelia* or by Arthur Hughes. One passage in the haunted *Composition autour d'elle* (1947) could have been almost a copy of Hughes's *The Tryst* in the Tate. *La Chute de l'Ange* (1923-47) can hardly be seen without evoking Blake. To discuss the implications of these affinities would be invidious when it is clear that Chagall has now reached his crisis. The near future will decide whether his major contribution will be that which he made before he was twenty-five or that of his new visionary world. Quite apart from a picture which is a sheer pastiche of Greco, there is something in his recent work of Greco's spirit, something capable of carrying him beyond the misty-cal faeryland of Pre-Raphaelite poesy.

On the other side of the wall, Oscar Kokoschka has sustained his development throughout his career and achieved a variety admirable in that it is not *voulu* but necessary and freely given. That he has never been stranded, like the majority of modern fantastic painters, is partly due to the high intellectual content manifested in his fantasy, and to the awareness of world events from which it grows: his fantasy is an interpretation of the macrocosm, not a retreat from it into safe privacy. Kokoschka's fertility, the force of his personality and the canalisation in his life and work of the events of Central Europe in this century, make possible a full-length biography without padding. The book is a merited tribute to one who since 1938 has made his home in England.

There are artists who never see nature deeply enough to need to part from it. Others use nature as a point of departure, while some ignore it. Kokoschka has *rediscovered* it. Miss Hoffmann quotes from Herwath Walden's analysis of expressionism in *Einblick in die Kunst*, 1917: "Emotions are expressed immediately, not indirectly by way of the object." In contrast, Kokoschka sees nature with so vigorous and personal a perception that he is always able to project his emotion into it. The explanation lies, perhaps, in his freedom from the past and consequently from the modern artist's embarrassment before nature, a feeling that it is played out which results from his carrying the burden of all European art on his shoulders. Kokoschka was, at first, quite indifferent to European art; his youthful interest lay in the ethnographical galleries. Later he forayed in the past—especially in Pieter Breughel and Austrian baroque—as the spirit moved him and without a self-conscious straining after what he might suppose *ought* to influence him. It is this independence of spirit that makes Kokoschka paint the object as if nobody had ever seen it before.

In his later work, Kokoschka's fantasy has turned from mythology to political allegory. Picasso has, of course, painted political subjects, but his treatment of them so transcends the stimuli that he makes mythology of them, whereas Kokoschka never loses sight of the particular event. Though he never hits the nail on the head so effectively as Chagall at his best, the courage and independence manifested in his latest work as in all his work, make Kokoschka a painter of major importance. Especially at a time when most of what is being produced is rooted entirely in art, a modernistic academism that has lost all direct contact with experience.

Miss Hoffmann has taken splendid advantage of the opportunities offered to a biographer by one of the most unfettered of artists and most spontaneously unusual of men. Admirable are her self-effacement and her capacity to see the faults of one she likes and admires. It is a pity that so readable a book should be made irksome by the need to hunt for the right plate. Since it was obviously impossible to place each plate opposite the corresponding text, it would have been far wiser to concentrate them all at the end of the volume.

A. D. B. SYLVESTER

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Orion 4. Edited by DENIS KILHAM ROBERTS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.

Modern Reading. Edited by REGINALD MOORE. *Phoenix House, Ltd.* 6s.

In some ways *Orion* is the most instructive of all our reviews and miscellanies. Being an occasional production it is like a leisurely ship which can wait at the quay-side until the hold has been filled with the very best merchandise available. There are no monthly or even quarterly sailings to unnerve the captain, no need for the sudden zero-hour acceptance of a dubious freight. We have learned already that Mr. Kilham Roberts is both catholic and discriminating. We can trust him to have discovered, in his leisurely marketing, approximately the best that is offered. Without much distortion *Orion* holds up a mirror to English letters. In it we see, as indeed we have seen elsewhere, the stately and traditional progress of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography, courtly and dignified writing, disturbed by nothing harshly experimental. This confident command over his material was won by earlier experiment, at least in verse, and there may be some who will regret that the exuberant eloquence of, for example, *Mrs. Kimber*, has been so thoroughly transcended. The prose is memorable but sometimes it seems that a wilder individuality has been too harshly restrained. On the same extreme edge of the mirror a fragment

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of Mr. Edward Sackville West's autobiography lies like a winking crystal. No terrorist, Mr. Sackville West treats language with affectionate excitement, culls and fondles his felicities in the manner of an older and enviable generation. Far on the opposite side of the mirror Mr. Philip O'Connor gestures impatiently for our attention. *The Meeg* is a little piece of calculated insanity, thrown in, one can't help suspecting, only because there was a vacancy in that quarter and the title to catholicity could not be jeopardised. It is tiresome and affected, and its presence does nothing to right the balance. This is a great pity, for experimental writing deserved a more stimulating representation. It might perhaps have been provided by William Sansom, one of the most original and skilful prose writers of our time, but here he is very far from his best. His story has the fine ominous quality which we have learned to expect of him, but it is also portentous, and even a little dull. Nor is Mr. Graham Greene at his nerve-racking best. Why should he of all writers fall into the sentimentality of conceiving that the obscene drawings of an ignorant small boy are more *innocent* than the weary philanderings of adulthood? Margaret Lane writes admirably on Dr. Johnson; so does David Cecil on Dorothy Osborne and Henry Reed on Joyce. As we have learned to expect, the critical articles have a power and confidence which much of the creative writing misses.

Mr. George Duncan Painter provides a really beautiful and impressive translation of *Le Bateau Ivre*, fit, I think, to rank with Day Lewis's recent magnificent version of *Le Cimitière Marin*. Perhaps in this ember-like state of our own creative fire we should turn more to this activity. Perhaps we are fitted now, so generous and sensitive is our appreciation of others, to the dignity of great translation. So much remains always to be done there. So much is always left to be ill-done by hacks. At least, one feels, that Mr. Kilham Roberts might have found a translator, if only a hack, for M. René Dumesnil's article on de Maupassant. It does'nt seem to be too gem-like a piece of prose for such treatment, and the sudden incursion of French causes an unnecessary irritation. There are many other and interesting contributions to this *Orion*, including distinguished translations of Aragon by Frances Cornford, and a beautiful, macabre little story by Ethel Wilson. The image of our times which is reflected here is not disoouraging, though there is nothing, except Mr. Painter's translation, which is likely to cause any imaginative explosion.

Modern Reading is another leisurely miscellany, but we take it as a mirror of our time at the risk of despair. Perhaps the poetry is the worst thing here, though the critical articles make a serious counter-claim. The stories are readable enough, and Miss Olivia Manning's is something more, but the impulse in this little enterprise seems to be flagging. In his introduction Mr. Moore describes his publication as "another opportunity for those who dislike Modern Reading to call the collection uneven." I call it even.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

A TRIP TO CYPRUS

We Made a Film in Cyprus. BY LAURIE LEE AND RALPH KEENE. *Longmans Green. 12s. 6d.*

Among English documentaries since the war—not many, and disappointing—first certainly in charm I should put *Cyprus Is An Island*. Modestly turned, it bore lightly the official stamp, and what it lacked in originality was more than made up by the appeal of its landscape. Old stones, water, goats and sun: there was a lot of sunlight in this half-hour flit to the Mediterranean, which would have won the eye at the best of times. One remembered scarred Malta, and welcomed prospects in which the only enemy seemed to be the marauding goat.

Mr. Laurie Lee, who wrote the script, begins the account of his film-making with a foggy, water-beery London in the fag-end of war. Before the war, once, he had dawdled a month to Cyprus by tramp steamer; now he flew there in a day and a hop. He had a week in which to look round and prepare his script; then the director and camera-man would arrive; and at the end of six weeks the whole excursion would be over.

The packed seven days of preparation, of sight-seeing and note-taking, comprise Mr. Lee's share of the book. It is a narrative as quick and graceful as the film itself; parts of it, in fact, seem to me more vivid. One knew, of course, already, from his poetry, that Mr. Lee had an eye and an ear, but how freshly they are employed here! His high spirits take in everything: the murderous Cypriot, dreaming of Oxford Street, who drove him round; the jagged coast; the neglected lemon-trees; honey, olives and wine; a long-maned brotherhood; a village of potters; Mount Olympus; forest and wilderness; a Byzantine Christ in a cave; the dilapidated mid-European cabarets of Nicosia; sweet sherry; children blowing horns; the "thunderous" glare overhead; the good farmers in villages and the devilish wandering goatherd—the opposition between these two provided the simple moral and story of the film. One evening, while the film-makers were drinking with their friends the war ended. But the war had never come to Cyprus. The last day of Mr. Lee's allotted week saw the dazzling pagan-Christian festival of Easter.

> A stumbling, endless tolling of bells dragged me to the church, and there I stood transfixed, half-blinded with brilliance. For the whole of the building, tower, dome, roof, and walls, had been whitewashed new for the feast. And I had never in my life seen a more active, eye-bruising quality of whiteness. In the high, bright sun, against a blue-black sky, its domes and arches shouted with light. The world gathered itself up into two piercing opposites—blue and white: where there was shadow it was livid blue, when there was sun it was white; the crucifix on the dome was a white crack in the sky, and the Greek flag flying over the roof lost its blue completely in the blue air around it, the white strips of its pattern becoming silver fishes swimming in a profound sea.

Such intensities I do not remember as conveyed by the images on the screen, striking though they were. The eighteen pages of the Spring-harvest festival, with the church set like a great icing cake over a bubbling fairground, bring Mr. Lee's sight-seeing to a triumphant climax.

The rest of the book—Mr. Ralph Keene's description of how the film was actually shot—falls necessarily rather flat, though in itself it provides an interesting enough account of film-making. The lure of the material, the director's patience, the wonderful aptitude of simple people for acting their own lives, the brief time-limit, and the mild respectable drag of officialdom explain both the success and the limitations of the final film. It was a rush job, made more or less to pattern, and the surprising thing—a tribute to Mr.

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Keene and his camera-man—is that it should have been so unaffectedly good as it was. Nearly fifty photographs reproduce the scenes and actors of the film, and the finished script, shot by shot, is printed as an appendix. Fresh commentary; but, putting book and film side by side, we can't help seeing that, in the screen process, some of Mr. Lee's exuberance has leaked away.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1947. *Thomas Skinner.* 100s.

The Register of Defunct and Other Companies. *Thomas Skinner.* 20s.

Larger than ever, and also later, this familiar financial reference book makes its appearance, perhaps for the last time, as one volume. As it approaches nearly 4,000 pages the publishers are contemplating division into two volumes, an innovation which will be welcomed by those people who have to handle frequently its 9 lbs. weight. The contents are as heretofore, and consist of a complete classified list of all the securities and companies dealt with on the London Stock Exchange. There are special chapters dealing with British, Dominion, Colonial and Foreign finance, and also on county and municipal finance, besides much general information on taxation, stamp and other duties. The volume is a credit to all those who have been concerned in its compilation and production.

The Register of Defunct Companies is a valuable index which obviates the necessity of searching through previously published Year Books.

Week-end Competitions

No. 933

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a poem in the Chinese manner on a local celebrity. Limit 10 lines. Entries by January 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 929

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a set of New Year resolutions made by either a doctor, a barrister, an actor or composer, to be written in the metre of Locksley Hall. Length 12 lines.

Report by Sebastian

Locksley Hall was written, I surmise, after a bottle, perhaps after a succession of bottles, of Burgundy. Hence the blandness of the survey, the hypnotic rhythm of the Tennysonian tom-tom; hence, too, the skidding pace, the garrulity, the outbursts of petulance—" I will take some savage woman "—the unbosoming. Because of these qualities the poem seemed the ideal frame for our New Year resolutions; but it turned out to be easier to hit off Tennyson's anti-climax, like Donald L. Taylor's:

> " I will make an innovation. I will have a new valise
> Made of green morocco leather, cheerful and designed to please."

or a business-like aside like this from J. W. H.'s doctor:

> " Listen! The most knowing patient can't be wholly in the wrong
> Memo. Prompter at the surgery: three hours wait perhaps too long."

or a vow like Allan M. Laing's:

> " Henceforth on The Book I swear it, never shall I have to own
> That I've left at large, for pinching, bags of phenol-barbitone."

than to vamp out a couple of stanzas. Our Algerian hasn't the horsepower. The metre, also, is so easy that it is very easy to forget and many competitors fell away after a too confident start. Commendable but irregular entries came from David Hicks, A. Orley, Guy Kendall, Lakon, G. Bailey, E. Abbots, L. M. Fenn, J. C. B. Date, O. H. K. Spate.

Neither the musician nor the actor inspired prize-winning lines, and of the three best entries only L. E. J. convinces me that his resolutions are in professional character. Yorick's doctor and Alwyn Lee's might be anyone—even you and certainly me.

L. E. J. therefore gets fifty shillings; Yorick and Alwyn Lee thirty-eight shillings each.

A BARRISTER'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Put old Perkins up for Brooks's; praise his wine; and make a date
With his daughter at a night club; hold her hand (but not too late);
Send some Rovers for the Test Match to old Jorkins's fat clerk;
Sometimes walk with Mr. Justice Jellaby across the Park;
Practise " cheerio's " on circuit; ask how Smithson's children are;
Learn to give and take " a quick one " in the Railway Station bar;
Wear a button-hole at luncheon; be more careful about dress;
Memorise the Theo Mathew stories for the Circuit Mess;
Keep political opinions fluid; hold my tongue; lie low;
(Who can tell in ten years' time what Government will run the show?)
Laugh at Plumptree's jokes; be patient when old Jukes comes in to jaw;
And perhaps, if time permits it, sometimes read a little Law.

L. E. J.

A DOCTOR'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

Colleagues, stay with me a little, diagnose my nervous tone,
Nausea, fever, hypertension, pressure in the frontal zone,
Spots before the eyes, or navies grappling in the central blue—
I'm convinced it is the former, or I should not trouble you.
Observe pulsation—faint yet wilder; ausculate its tympani!
O, the Elsinore-like beetling of this hangover of me!
I shall take a long sea voyage—as I once advised Lord Vole—
He was my late distinguished patient—(Damn the currency control!)
Rend the clyster, sell the practice, liberate the captive leech!
My fee, I mean, my head is splitting—note ill-co-ordinated speech—
For I dipped into the wassail 'til my hostess bade me nay;
Now I'll spiv it in Miami. Please inform the B.M.A.

ALWYN LEE

A DOCTOR'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

" Comrades, you may pass the rosy, with permission of the Chair."
I must leave this—hic—Symposium, and breathe some fresher air.
O my stomach, chicken-hearted! O my dinner mine no more!
I should have drunk that beastly brandy *after* bubbly not before!
" Am I made that I should cherish that which bears such bitter fruit?
I have plucked it from my bosom, though my heart was at the root!"
Yes, I know, it's New Year's Even: that is but a Coward's plea!
I will take the Pledge to-morrow! I'll embrace Sobriety!
Oh! how my poor head is swimming! Oh! I feel uncommon queer!
No more Spirits for me—*never!* I will stick to honest beer!
Come! I feel a little better! What about a spot of *fine*?
None shall say that I'm a quitter: let's rejoin the festive scene!

YORICK

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UNIV. of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applics. invited for following appointment: Lecturer (Grade II) or Assistant Lecturer in Public Administration. Person appointed will be given salary and grade according to qualifics. and exp. Salary scale: Lecturer, Grade IIa, £750-£850; Lecturer, Grade IIb, £600-£750; Lecturer, Grade IIc, £550-£600; Assistant Lecturer, £400-£500. Post is open equally to men and women applicants. Further partics. from C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3, to whom three copies of applics. with copies of not more than three testims. and names of two refs. shd. be sent by Feb. 14. No special applic. form issued.

UNIV. of Birmingham. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Appointment will be in Grade III, at a salary of £400-£500, and will date from October 1, 1948. Special qualifics. in Economic Theory or Statistics would be an advantage. Applics., giving names of not more than three refs., should reach C. G. Burton, Secy., The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3 (from whom further partics. may be obtained) not later than Feb. 14. No special applic. form issued.

CIVIL Service Commissioners give notice that a Competition for one or more Clerkships in the House of Commons will be held in July, 1948, in conjunction with the Normal Open Competition for Administrative Class of Home Civil Service by Method I (written examination and interview); candidates who wish to enter for both Competitions must complete a separate applic. form for each. Candidates must be at least 20½ and under 24 years of age on August 1, 1948: they can compete only if nominated by the Clerk of the House of Commons. Full partics. and forms on which applic. for nomination must be made can be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 2068. Completed applic. forms must be received by the Clerk of the House of Commons, House of Commons, S.W.1, by Jan. 31, 1948.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Institute of Education. Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology. Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood. For the Session 1948-49 the Institute will offer these courses: Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology—a full or part-time course, open to graduates with suitable academic training and exp. The course is of value to those intending to become educational psychologists. Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood—a full-time course open to graduates and other approved students. This course should be of value to those wishing to qualify for lectureships in Education in training colleges, to those connected with administration, or engaged in special school work. The Ministry of Education is prepared to pay adequate maintenance grants. Partics. and applic. forms from the Education Dept., the University, Birmingham, 3. Applics. by April 30.

COUNTY Borough of Blackpool. Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified candidates for appointments as full-time Educ. Psychologist and Psychiatric Social Worker in Cttee.'s Child Guidance Clinic of School Health Service. Educ. Psychologist (Woman): Candidates should hold Hons. Degree in Psychology and should pref. have had training and exp. in a Child Guidance Clinic. Appointment is full-time, but applications for a part-time appointment considered. Salary for full-time appointment, £495 p.a., rising by three increments of £20 and one of £5 to £560 p.a. incl. of cost of living bonus. Comm. salary fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Salary for a part-time appointment would be arranged on a sessional basis. Psychiatric Social Worker (Woman): Candids. should hold a Mental Health Cert. or Diploma approved by Assoc. of Psychiatric Social Workers and should pref. have had training and exp. in a Child Guidance Clinic. Salary £370 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20 to £530 p.a. incl. of cost of living bonus. Full-time appointments will be subject to Local Govt. Superan. Acts or Teachers' Superan. Acts. Successful candidates reqd. to pass a medical exam. by a person appointed by Corporation. Canvassing, directly/indirectly, or submission by candidates of testms. or recommendations from members of Blackpool Council will be a disqualification. Application forms from Chief Educ. Officer, Stanley Buildings, 3 Caunce St. Blackpool, to whom completed forms should be retd. by Jan. 17.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Fulham. Applics. invited from qualified medical practitioners of either sex for permanent position of Assistant Medical Officer and Second Resident Medical Officer at Council's Maternity Home. Salary scale £455 × £25—£555 p.a., plus emoluments valued at £150 p.a. and cost of living bonus. Comm. salary will be fixed at a point on scale according to qualifics. and exp. of successful candidate. Appointment will be subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applics., on forms which can be obtained from Cyril F. Thatcher, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Fulham, S.W.6, must be returned with copies of not more than three recent testims., by Jan. 17.

ASST. Warden (Male) wanted at Hungerford Hostel for work amongst Vagrants and Destitute Persons. Apply first to Room 27, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

Appointments Vacant—continued

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for Newsreel Manager in Television Service. Duties of post will include general planning of a regular Television "Newsreel Magazine," and arranging for exchange of films with other Television organisations. Applicants should have a keen interest in current affairs, a good knowl. of film production in particular. Personal contacts amongst the promoters of national and sporting events will be considered to be of value. A knowl. of foreign languages and acquaintance with overseas film organisations will be regarded as an additional qualific. Sal. is on a grade rising by annual increments of £60 to a max. of £1,360 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Newsreel Manager, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for Assistant in Supplementary Publications Section of Publicity Dept. Successful candidate will be responsible for make-up and lay-out work on illustrated pamphlets, booklets, posters, etc., which necessitates exp. in this kind of work and a thorough knowledge of typography, block making and proof reading. Salary on a grade rising by annual increments of £20 to a max. £475 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Publicity, N. Stn.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for Talks Producer at Cardiff. Candidates must be Welsh speaking, and possess a full understanding of sport and pastimes and a knowledge of agriculture and rural affairs. An interest in writing for speech in English and Welsh and editorial exp. are desirable. Ability to drive a car would be an advantage. Sal. is on a grade rising by annual increments of £30 or £40 to a max. of £680 or £890 p.a. according to qualifics. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Talks Cardiff N. Stm" within 7 dys. For ackdgmnt. enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Russian language typists. Candidates must be competent typists and practised in use of a Russian keyboard. Thorough knowl. of Russian language essential as work consists mostly in taking dictation in Russian straight on to machine. Shorthand is not essential. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "Russian typist, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

CITY of Edinburgh. Psychiatric Social Worker for Bangour Mental Hospital, with qualific. approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Sal. scale £380-£540. Applics., together with recent testimonials, should be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh, by Jan. 15.

KENT Educ. Committee invite applics. for appointment as Women Welfare Officers to fill vacancies which exist at Dover and Ashford. Duties include the home supervision of handicapped children, the selection of foster homes and the care and supervision of children committed to the care of the Authority under the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933. Applicants should have gained a Social Science Diploma or similar qualific. or have had previous exp. in social work with children. Salary £255 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to a max. of £300 p.a., plus cost of living bonus at present £48 p.a. Candidates appointed will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and the appointments will be subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from, and should be returned as soon as possible to, the County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent.

THE Workers' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applics. invited for post of District Organiser and Deputy District Secretary. Commencing sal. £400 p.a. Applic. forms and further details of terms of appointment from the District Secretary, W.E.A. Office, The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3. Applics. to be forwarded by Jan. 17.

CHELMSFORD Diocesan Moral Welfare Association, Southend-on-Sea Branch. Moral Welfare Worker (outdoor) needed. Salary £350-£20-£450 with allowances and superannuation. Details of qualifics. and experience and copies of testimonials to Rev. R. C. Nunn, 28a Finchley Rd. Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

DERBYSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Second Advertisement. Applics. invited for post of Organiser to develop Youth Service in N.E. Derbyshire. Duties may include informal adult education including community associations. Sal. will be at Burnham Assistant Teacher Scale with special responsibility allowance of £50 provided the successful candidate possesses teaching qualifics. or other qualifics. deemed by the Authority to be of equal value. Travelling expenses will be paid at the County Council's scale. Forms of application and further partics. may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Youth Service, 25 St. Mary's Gate, Derby, and should be returned by Jan. 17. It is unnecessary for previous applicants to re-apply.

EXPERIENCED Family Case Worker reqd., sal. up to £400 according to exp. Apply in writing, giving details of exp. and qualifics. to: Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley St. Liverpool, 1.

HEREFORDSHIRE. In co-operation with County Youth Cttee. Leader (man or woman) wanted for Mixed Youth Club in Garden City Estate in Hereford. Excel. premises and scope for development. Sal., Burnham Scale where applicable and for leaders with one year's training—or £300 × £10—£400 for man; £270 × £7 10s.—£340 for woman. Further partics. and applic. forms from Mrs. W. Wilson, Rockfield House, Rockfield Rd. Hereford. Completed forms should be returned by Jan. 17.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Applics. invited for post of Tutor of Women Students at salary of £700-£25-£900 p.a.: initial salary may be above minimum. Appointment will be effective on October 1, 1948, or on such earlier date as may be arranged. Further partics. on inquiry. Applics. (12 copies) should reach the Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, by Feb. 7.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Shirley Residential School, Wickham Road, Croydon, Surrey—a permanent resident Assistant Matron. Duties include assistance to the Matron in supervision, guidance and instruction of staff caring for children; domestic administration of the school, incl. supervision of meals, and stocktaking of linen and clothing in the children's cottages; and special interest in senior girls. The school has accommodation for approx. 370 children of all ages. There are 54 resident staff concerned with care of children and 37 male and female domestic staff. Salary, £240-£10-£260 p.a., with tax-free emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and uniform. Four weeks' annual leave plus the six public holidays or days in lieu. Successful candidate will be admitted to the Council's Superann. Fund subject to satisfactory service and medical examination. Applic. forms and further details from Education Officer (I.S.D./65), The County Hall, S.E.1. (3839.)

APPLICS. invited for post of Warden of the Percival Guildhouse, Rugby. This centre for adult education with a full programme of classes and social activities has a membership of 500. Full partics. may be obtained from Hon. Secretary, and intending applicants should reply before Jan. 17, 1948. Salary will be according to qualifications.

KING Edward's School, Birmingham.—Post of Headmaster of this School will be vacant from 1st Sept. and the Governors invite applics. from candidates for this appointment. Candidates, who must be Graduates of some University in the U.K., are requested to send 18 copies of their applics. and of not more than 3 testimonials on or before 14th Feb. to the undersigned, from whom Forms of Applic. and further partics. may be obtained. Commencing sal. of the post will be £2,500 p.a. rising, by annual increments of £50, to a maximum of £3,000 p.a. A Headmaster's House is provided rent free. There are no boarders at School.—C. C. Harries, Secretary, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Rd., Birmingham, 15.

BURGESS Hill School, Progressive Co-ed. day school, wants staff: Kindergarten or Junior Teacher, also housekeeper. (Accom. available.) Apply: 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3. HAM 2019.

ASSISTANT House-Mother reqd. in Residential Special School for mal-adjusted boys. Concern for children essential, exp. in First Aid, and Crafts desirable. Salary according to qualifics. Apply Head Master, Barns Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire.

L.C.C. Reqd. at following Residential Nursery Schools, qualified resident teachers trained in Nursery work: (1) Penbury Grove, Penn, Nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks. (2) Stowlangtoft Hall, Nr. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. (3) Hutton Residential School, Shenfield, Essex. Burnham scale salaries. At Penbury Grove and Stowlangtoft Hall emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance given in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. The teacher appointed to Hutton would be required to find accomm. in the neighbourhood and would not receive emoluments. Applic. forms (s.a. env. necessary), from Education Officer (S.S.5), The County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Jan. 17. (3845.)

L.C.C. Secretary to Professor of Pathology at the Teaching and Research Laboratory, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5, reqd. (woman, over 29 and under 40 years). Candidates must be of an educational standard not lower than matric. and should be proficient in shorthand and typewriting. Pref. given to candidates with secretarial exp. and a working knowl. of French and German. Sal. £330, rising by annual increments of £20 to £470 a year. Non-resident. No emoluments. Pensionable. For applic. forms, returnable by Jan. 18, send s.a. foolscap env. to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), Public Health Dept., Mental Health Services, County Hall, S.E.1. Candidates must have prior permission of the local employment exchange. (3898.)

INTELLIGENT, educated, married woman wanted as general organising secretary to Family Planning Association. Good exp. of managing office, Committee work, drafting memoranda, etc., essential. Public speaking, Univ. educ. desirable. Sal. fr. £500 p.a. Please write: F.P.A., 69 Eccleston Sq. S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service for Peace. Vacancies (1) Services Assistant—helping administration international work camps England and abroad, shorthand typing and organising exp. valuable. (2) Records Officer—take charge card index system, general office work. (3) Domestic Work—International hostel, London. Interest furthering international understanding essential for all vacancies. Pocket money and maintenance basis. Hostel London available. Apply writing, IVSP., 34 Broadway, London, S.W.1.

EFFICIENT Secretary reqd. to take complete charge adult educational work, Jewish kndge. essential, journalistic exp. if possible (part/whole time). Box 1144.

PROFESSIONAL Association reqs. junior clerk. Position suitable for girl leaving school. Typing pref. Write: T. H. Rowsell, Chaucer House, Malet Place, W.C.1.

WANTED. Nurse, experienced, seeks collaboration in social development and scientific research of fully qualified nurse; male/female, good financial prospects. Box 587.

Appointments Wanted

PART-time: woman, 35, ex-officer, perfect French, Spanish, good Italian, efficient typist, used research work, initiative, seeks employment, secretarial, administrative or organising, London. Box 653.

YOUNG man (21) just released from R.A.E.G. and awaiting entry to teacher's trg. College sks. emp. for (approx.) 12 mths. Int. B.Sc. (Econ.); exc. knowl. Ger. Box 663.

JOURNALISM. Youth 16½, 3 yrs. Pub. Schl., Lond. Matric. (distinctions Eng. Lang. & Lit.), H.S. Cert. (Sub. Eng., Fr., & Hist.), sks. opening as learner. 3 months' experience. Box 345, W. H. Smith & Son, Colwyn Bay.

ARTIST, expd. Froebel teacher, wishes posts creative painting classes in London schools with children 6-12 yrs. Box 690.

WOMAN (31), M.A. (Oxon.), Hons. Mod. Langs., fluent German and French, 3½ years' pre- and post-war residence on Continent, some tact and imagination, teaching and administrative exp., seeks post in business, industry or elsewhere. Box 689.

FORMER German Headmaster, now certificated teacher England, seeks work: also gives lessons in French, German, Mathematics, History. Box 709.

PHYSICS & Maths. Specialist—up to Univ. Scholarships; friendly alien (male) 6 years' exp. in U.K. (public and grammar schools) available Easter. Box 719.

HIGHLY qualified man, adm. exp. knowledge laws, fluent German French, seeks inter. job. Anything considered. Box 577.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AT Notting Hill. Luxur. service rooms. Meals. Moderate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Bay. 0667.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 *gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

ATTRACTIVE modern service rooms, central, beaut. equip., h. & c. B'fast or partial board. Cumberland Chambers, 49 Princes Sq. W.2. Tel. Bay. 2619.

SERVICE flatlets. Well furnished. Bayswater. With breakfast. Moderate charges, excellent cooking facilities. Harrowby Estates, Ltd., 6 Granville Place, Orchard St. W.1. Mayfair 5442/3/4.

ROOM, 'phone, bath, bkfst., c/htg., offd. prog. M.P./writer etc., Bayswater flat. Foreigners welc. BM/PC.9548, London, W.C.1.

15 mins. City. Suit discriminating prof. people. Good food served in rooms, b'fast, supper, 3 meals Suns. Plsnt. decor. Doubles from 6½*gns.*, singles from 3½*gns.* Permanents welcomed. Rickard, 61 Manor Park, Hither Green, S.E.13.

TO share from Jan., furn. flat Bloomsbury. Suit 2 friends or couple. Box 748.

YNG. wmn. (exporter) sks. anr. share mod. bung. Sunbury beauty spot, unf. bdrm., rent free for pt. time service. Box 468.

TO Let end Jan., Horsley, furn. grd. flr. flat; 2 lge. rms., kit., etc., bathrm. 4*gns.* Box E.46, Smiths Library, Guildford.

DETACHED furn. Bungalow—to let, suit 2—not isolated, e.l. L., "Russets," Arne Rd. Wareham.

ARTIST offers 14th cent. secl. cottage, Ockley, Surrey. Fully furn., 7 rooms, kitchen, bathr., h. & c., Sterling cooker, oil lamps, orchard, veg. garden, dom. help, to friendly, cultured couple, without children, willing to exh. cottage part holidays for owner's Holland Park flat. Rent £200 p.a. Box 743.

FOR sale, Cotswold cott. on unspoiled village green, e.l., mod. convens.; productive garden. Ideal for yng. children. Partics. Horne, Hope Cottage, Wyck Rissington, Glos.

FOR Sale: Kent, 2 sit., 4 bed., w.c., bath, garden. No mod. con. Ample rain-water storage. Isolated. Lovely sit. Or would let, furn., 6 mths. Box 708.

YOUNG couple, 2 children 3rd expected, wish exch. 3-rmd. s.c. flat, W.2, for larger accom. rent only. Garden essen. Box 749.

EX-ARMY med. Student, grad. wife, seek s/c. flat unfurn., Greater London. Reasonable. Box 750.

PROFESSIONAL man reqs. unfurn. or part furn. flat or house in North or West London or suburb. Box 676.

BACHELOR (36) seeks share of flat with another, or family. W. or N.W. Box 753.

NEARLY qualified woman medical student requires furn./unfurn. flat, moderate rent, London area. Box 660.

BARRISTER, wife, child, urgently require house/flat in/near London, moderate rent. No premium. Box 657.

WOMAN Doctor, out all day, requires unfurnished flat, preferably with garage, central or N.W. London. Box 652.

WANTED by 2 University staff (women), unfurnished 3/4 roomed flat easy reach central London. 'Phone evenings Hil 4923.

NORWEGIAN Student, 26 (ex-Serviceman) seeks accommodation in lively English or Continental family from 15.1.48. Must be in central part of London. Exchange with Oslo, if wanted. Box 460.

ACCOMMODATION wanted in Kingston-on-Thames area by young lady social worker in January. Box 634.

OVERSEAS university lecturer, wife and baby want furnished accommodation Oxford for 2 years, incl. holidays. Write Welter, Eastgate Hotel, Oxford.

Fellowships

BRITISH Federation of University Women, Ltd. N. Zealand Research Fellowship. Value £300 (N.Z.), offered by N. Zealand Federation of University Women to a British woman graduate. Tenable in N. Zealand. Some assistance with travel may be given. Details fr. Postgrad. Awards, B.F.U.W. Ltd., 17A, Kings Rd. S.W.3. Applics. by Jan. 31.

Entertainments

CRITERION. Whi. 3216. Evgs. 7. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Happy as Larry. Irish Comedy Melodrama, Mercury Theatre Success.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evenings 7. Thur., Sat., 2.30. Lewis Casson, Sybil Thorndike in "The Linden Three," by J. B. Priestley. A London Mask Theatre Production. Directed by Michael Macowan.

ARTS (Tem. 7541). Evenings (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Pride Shall Have a Fall." Mems. only.

UNITY Theatre. "Winkles & Champagne" opens to-night. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Book at once. Box Office, EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St. W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. 4 new plays a yr.

"ROBERT'S Wife," St. John Ervine's Comedy. Tech. Inst., 107 Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Thurs. & Fri., Jan. 8 & 9, 7.15 p.m. 4*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*

SEE the Wittiest Comedy in our Language at the Tavistock Little Theatre, 5 Tavistock Place, 3 mins. Russell Square, "The Importance of Being Ernest," a Tavistock Repertory Company production, next Saturday, Jan. 10, and following week-end, 16th-17th, at 7.30 p.m. 4*s.*, 3*s.*, 2*s.*, all bookable. 2*s.* matinee on last Saturday, 2.30 p.m.

LONDON Film Club, Kensington Town Hall. Part-season ticket, Jan. to May, 15*s.* Reduced rates for students. Jan. 7, 7.30. "A Night at the Opera," "Song of Ceylon," "Journal de la Resistance." Tickets and full particulars, ring PER. 3966.

SADLER'S Wells. Ter. 1672. Opera and Ballet season. Evgs. at 7. Mat. Sats. 2.30. Progr. available at Box Office (post 1*d.*).

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Jan. 4, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Blech String Quartet: Harry Blech, Lionel Bentley, Keith Cummings, Douglas Cameron. Haydn, Op. 64, No. 1 in C; Benjamin Frankel, No. 3; Dvorak in F. Op. 96. Adm., 1*s.*

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St. W.1. Sun., Jan. 4, at 8 p.m. Schubert-Brahms Evg. (incl. Brahms' Gipsy Songs), Hannah Lowen, Piano, Doris Lasserson. Non-mems. 1*s.*

92nd Studio Recital of the Committee for the Promotion of New Music and Discussion. Chairman: Arnold Goldsbrough. Tues. next, at 6.30. Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St. W.1. Adm. free.

BLASZCZYNSKI. Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall. Sun., Jan. 11, at 3. Works by Schubert, Chopin, Ravel. Tkts. 12*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.*, at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

CAMBRIDGE Theatre, Sunday afternoon Concerts. Jan. 4, at 3. New London Orchestra. Conductor: George Weldon. Soloist: Kathleen Long. Works by Smetana, Bach-Walton, Mozart, Tchaikovsky. 10*s.* 6*d.*, 8*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, usual Agts./Theatre (Tem. 3093)/Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

HAPPY New Year Dance, Central London Fabian Soc. Event on Sat., Jan. 3, 7.30 p.m., at Victory Hall, Leicester Place, Leicester Sq. W.C.2. Adm. 4*s.* Refreshments.

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre Members. Dancing from 7.30 to 11 p.m. in first-class Ballroom on Sat., Jan. 3, 10, 17 and 31. Refreshments. Lounge. 14 Kensington Sq. W.8 (5 mins. Ken. High St. Tube).

Exhibitions

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St. W.C.2. Works by Picasso, Rouault, Klee and others. 10-5.30. Sats. included.

BERKELEY Galleries, Davies St. W.1. 4th Exhibition Primitive Art: Ancient Benin. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St. Pall Mall E. Winter Exhibn. 10-5 dly. Sun. exc. Adm. 1*s.*

FOYLES Art Gallery. Ukrainian Folk Art from Slave Labour Camps & D.P. Camps. 9-6 dly. until Jan. 10 (inc. Sats.). Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. "British Paintings of the Past 50 Years."

VAN Gogh. An exhibition of paintings and drawings arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Tate Gallery, Dec. 10 to Jan. 14. Week-days 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Adm., Mon. to Fri. 1*s.*, Children 6*d.* Sats. & Suns. free.

GALLERY Jabe, 76 Wigmore St. W.1. Christmas Show of British Painters, Nudes and Flowers from £5.

OLD Master Paintings, early English Water Colours, and Modern Decorative Paintings at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 84 Duke St. Grosvenor Sq. W.1. May. 3720. Sculpture by Robert Adams and Drawings Yugoslavia 47 "Building of the Youth Railway" by Ern Brooks.

COOLING Galleries, 92 New Bond St. W.1. "Paintings and drawings by the Children of Long Dene School. Jan. 5-16, 1948. Mon.-Fri. 9.30 to 5.30, Sat. 9.30 to 1.

Lectures and Meetings

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Tuesdays at 7 p.m., in conjunction with the Rationalist Press Association. Admission free. Collection. Jan. 6. Brains Trust. "Marriage and Divorce." Question Master, The Rt. Hon. the Lord Faringdon. Brains: Dr. Joan Malleson, Reginald Pestell, J.P., R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., Dr. G. Halliday Sutherland.

INTELLIGENCE and Intelligence Testing. Three lectures by Miss D. C. Chaplin (Educ. Psych.) on Weds. at 7 p.m., com. Jan. 14. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Course this only, 3*s.* Apply Rationalist Press Assocn., Ltd., 5 Johnson's Court, Fleet St. E.C.4.

LECTURE Readings by Richard Morris. "Leigh Hunt," Jan. 8. "Hamlet," Jan. 15. 7.30. 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

Lectures and Meetings—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch Hour Lectures on Tues. and Thurs., from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in Anatomy Theatre (Entr. Gower St.). Adm. free. Jan. 20, 22: Some Factors in Architecture, Prof. H. O. Corfiato. Jan. 27: Geography and Planning, Prof. C. B. Fawcett. Jan. 29: The Bases of French Politics, Dr. A. B. C. Cobban. Feb. 3: Human Genetics, Prof. L. S. Penrose. Feb. 5: Recent Work in French Linguistics, Prof. B. Woledge. Feb. 10, 12: Modern Botany, Prof. W. H. Pearsall. Feb. 17: Significance of Phonetics, Prof. Daniel Jones. Feb. 19: The Structure of Solids, Dr. Kathleen Lonsdale. Feb. 24: Anthropological Analysis of Social Change, Prof. Daryll Forde. Feb. 26: Some Greek Antiquities in the British Museum, Prof. B. Ashmole. Mar. 2: The Brain and Its Functions, Prof. J. Z. Young. Mar. 4: Geology—A Preliminary to Planning, Prof. S. E. Hollingworth. Mar. 9: Applications of Micro-Waves, Prof. H. E. M. Barlow. Mar. 11: The College Library in the National Library System, Mr. John Wilks. Mar. 16: The History of University College, London, Prof. H. H. Bellot. Mar. 18: Humanism in Italy During Second Half of the Fourteenth Century, Prof. R. Weiss. Further information from Assistant Secy., University College, London, Gower St. W.C.1, on receipt of s.a.e.

JEWISH Socialist Labour Party—Poale Zion. Palestine Rally, Palace Theatre, Cambridge Circus, W.1. Sun., Jan. 11, 3.30 p.m. Speakers: Berl Locker and Eliezer Kaplan (Executive Jewish Agency), S. S. Silverman, M.P. Admission free.

"COLOUR-Discrimination in Britain." Conference, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Sat., Jan. 10. Sessions start morning 10.30 a.m.; afternoon 2.15. Adm. 2*s.* Details from 22/23 Gayfere St. S.W.1. (ABB. 4703.)

SEX Education Society. Mon., Jan. 19, at 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. R. S. W. Pollard on "Prospects for Divorce Law Reform in England." Chair: Dr. Norman Haire. Adm. free to Mems., Non-mems. 2*s.* Additional information on application to Sec., S.E.S., 127 Harley St. W.1, if a s.a. envelope is sent for reply.

ALAN Moorehead, just returned from India, speaks on "India and Pakistan" at Working Men's College, Crowndale Rd. N.W.1, on Wed., Jan. 7, at 7.30. (Arr. by St. Pancras Educ. & Public Libraries Cttee.).

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Jan. 4, Reincarnation (in English Poetry).

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2, at 11 o'clock. Jan. 4, G. E. O'Dell: "Facing the Future."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtgs., 11 a.m. Jan. 4, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Hopes and Fears for 1948." For Reports of Lectures, see The Monthly Record, by post 4*s.* p.a., from Secy.

"BROTHERHOOD—A Universal Principle." A. B. Crow. Sunday, Jan. 4, 7. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Pl. W.1.

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

THE Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh. A Conference on "The Psychology of Marriage" will be held from Thurs., April 1, to Tues., April 6, 1948, inclusive. Conference will be open to all interested. Fee, 2*gns.*, non-resident. Please apply for further partics. to Secretary, 26 Chalmers St. Edinburgh, 3.

FREE Discussion Courses in Fundamental Economics & Social Philosophy and International Trade & Social Problems, at 4 Gt. Smith St., Westminster, beg. Jan. 13 and 16. Classes from 7 to 9 p.m. wkly. for Ten Weeks. Send for Prosp. & partics. to Organising Sec., 4 Gt. Smith St. S.W.1, or Tel. Abbey 6665.

PENDLEY Centre of Adult Education. The 1948 programme, including courses in The Arts, Psychology, History, Rural England, Current Affairs, Architecture, Drama and Ballet, is now available from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. There are vacancies reserved in this College for graduates who wish to train for teaching in Nursery, Infant, Primary and Secondary Modern Schools. Partics of fees from Secretary, to whom early application should be made.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Com., LL.B., B.D. Mod. fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St. W.1. MAY. 6626-7.

SCHOOL Entrance Examination Coaching. Complete course or individual lessons. Mrs. Hugh-Jones, B.A. Riverside 6463.

KEEP Fit. Stella Mann (Vienna, Brussels, London) holds morning, afternoon and evening classes for physical training and rhythmical dance in Dinely Studios, 15 Marylebone Rd. Write for prospectus: Stella Mann, 83 Greencroft Gdns. N.W.6.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

PENARTH Vegetarian Home, Rectory Rd. S. Wales coast. Rest, change, relaxation. Ideal sitn. Pleasant hol. resort. Overlkg. sea. Attractive catering. Send for new Brochure.

RAMSAY Hotel, Clacton. Priv. and Resid. Open all year round. Ideally situated on sea front, overlooking pier and band pavilion. 32 bedrooms, dining room seating 80. Terms on application. Tel.: Clacton 169.

NEWQUAY. Great Western Hotel. A real tonic in Winter—a mild climate, ozone laden breezes and grand seas. Perfect situation beside sea. An hotel famed for its cuisine. Large sun lounge. Cent. htg. 55 bedrooms. Fully licensed. Tel. 2010II.

Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

HOLIDAY in Brighton. Stay at the Grafton Hotel, 59 Marine Parade. Excellent food, comfort, personal attention, 6*gns.* weekly, full board. Tel. 8450.

SEATON Beach Hotel, Seaton, N. Devon. A.A.****, R.A.C. Winter in warmth at one of Devon's best hotels. Sea front. Cocktail Lounges and Bars, Billiards, Table Tennis. Restful Lounges, Log Fires, Cent. Htg. Good shooting, Golf. Special terms extended visits. Tel. 17.

REST or quiet holidays, breakfast in bed, lovely wooded country, 5*gns.* Mrs. Bell, Gables, Groombridge, Sussex.

ASHDOWN Forest. Well-appointed house. Central heating, log fires, sun terrace, southern aspect, spacious views. Billiards, comfortable lounges. Send for tariff. The Manor, Duddleswell, Sussex. 'Phone Nutley 2.

CARLYON Bay, St. Austell, S. Cornwall. Cliff Head Hotel. Few days' golfing, a week or two on honeymoon or a good rest from housekeeping. Lovely coastal scenery. Ideal comfort. Log fires. Well-warmed bedrooms. Own Talkie Projector and Table Tennis, Badminton, Squash nearby. Club Lic. Par 125.

MORRIS Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, near Farnham, Surrey, situated amid beautiful pinelands. Week-ends, Holidays or Winter Residence. Country house atmosphere. Children welcomed. H. and c. all rooms and central heating. Licensed. Write for brochure. Telephone: Frensham 362.

WORTHING for holidays with sunshine, sea and down. Vacancies from New Year at "Glenham," 19 Valencia Road. 1 minute West Worthing station. Vegetarians welcomed.

T. A. LAYTON sells Wine. Try a glass at Layton's Wine Room, 2a, Duke St. W.1 (by Manchester Sq.), Welbeck 8808 and 1864. We deliver.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Typing and Translations

TYPEWRITING. Literary. Stephens, 19 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3.

TYPEWRITING, mod. charges. Specialists bad writing, 500 testimonials. Estab. 1909. Coppin, 195 Markhouse Rd., E.17. KEY 4531.

DUPLCTG.: Lect. Papers, Reports, Specifications, etc., expertly dupl., typed; MSS., Plays. Stone, 6 Duke St. S.W.1. WHI. 9682.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating. All classes of lit. & commercial work. Evans, 18 Ouseley Rd. Balham, S.W.12. BAL. 6462.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating, MSS., etc., expertly executed, also temp. sh.-typists and typists supplied at short notice. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High St. W.8. WEST 0781-2.

MANUSCRIPTS, etc., accurately and speedily typed. French and German translations. Apply: S., 233, Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6 (Maida Vale 9579).

RUSSIAN Translations, into/from English by expert prof. translator, any subject, wk. done promptly & neatly typed. Box 288.

PART-Time or Home Work desired by lady for translations (English, French, German: commercial, scientific, literary), perfect typist, shorthand. Mrs. E. A. G., 6 North Common Rd. Flat 5, Ealing, W.5.

Personal

YOUNG married couple sk. accommodation preferably unfurnished. Wife (21) cookery teacher, fluent French, German, typist; husband (23) civil servant (graduate mathematics), prepared to teach or be otherwise useful spare time if offered congenial home. Box 687.

ARTIST craftsman requires building suitable for pottery approx. 400 sq. ft.; power and water, gas if poss. S. or W. Lond. or Surrey. Box 573.

LADY Teacher free for backward child; asthma case considered; interesting lessons; dancing; handwork; over 9 years' exp.; school or private. Box 598.

ADVERTISER wishes find partner help with clues and marketing Cross-words. Hundreds ready now. Box 605.

LONDON Playwriters' Training Group will accept few new members; send samples of dramatic work. Box 674.

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GERMANY AND WESTERN EUROPE

THE breakdown of the Foreign Ministers' Conference has had the paradoxical effect of retarding the plans of each side for the partition of Germany. It is as though four children, having stolen a cake, quarrelled and divided it up, now sat each with his portion in his hand, fearful that the first to put it in his mouth would be accused by the others of the theft.

Yet something must be done, and done quickly, if Western Germany is not to collapse. Already coal production, after a welcome spurt in the autumn, is sagging again, and sullen animosity against the Occupying Powers is on the increase. Only in Berlin, where our conduct can be compared directly with that of the Russians, are we really popular. In Bizonia, the German attitude will be determined entirely by what we achieve during the next twelve months.

The first and most urgent problem is the currency. No economic reconstruction can be attempted without devaluation. The withdrawal of "Bafs" this week is presumably a prelude to the cancellation of all existing Mark notes and their replacement by a new issue at a rate of perhaps 10 or 15 old Marks for each "free" new one. If simultaneously bank deposits are blocked and a regulated rise in prices is permitted, the Black Market may possibly be mopped up and inflation checked. But in that case the "wage stop," a survival from Nazi days, will have to be lifted and the trade unions authorised to negotiate new wage scales throughout industry.

In carrying through a drastic deflation, the greatest care must be taken to avoid the appearance of repeating the fatal errors of 1923 and 1924. Then the seeds of National Socialism were sown, since the middle classes were financially liquidated and owners of real property acquired during the inflation were the beneficiaries of stabilisation. In Russia, currency devaluation can be carried through relatively easily because the State owns the factories and the land. But in Germany, under free enterprise, similar measures would have very different results. The farmer, the factory owner and the Black Marketeer, who has purchased real estate or valuables, will still be well off. As Schumacher has rightly urged, deflation will turn the workers and the professional classes against democracy unless it is accompanied by a capital levy.

We may assume that these financial reforms will be put forward in the first instance at a quadripartite meeting in Berlin. But negotiations cannot be protracted without grave detriment to the Western Powers. We had better assume that Bizonia—or Trizonia—will soon be compelled to have its own Western currency. If the Russians come in, so much the better. But we cannot now afford to wait too long.

The second problem is the form of self-government to be created. Mr. Bevin is, no doubt, unwilling to provoke the accusation that he favours the partition of Germany. He will not therefore propose a full-blown German Government for the Western provinces. On the other hand, he will be heading for trouble if he is content to build on the present tangle of Bizonal committees in Frankfurt. This would be to make confusion worse confounded. What is needed is a firm decision to eradicate "Mil. Gov." altogether and to substitute genuine German self-government, under Allied supervision, for the present divided control which destroys responsibility altogether. Our first impressions of the proposals emerging from the conference of the Commanders-in-Chief at Frankfurt is that they amount to little more than the enlargement of machinery which has already proved inefficient. They seem to preserve the paralysing dualism of German and Allied authority, and do little to solve the difficulty of obstruction by semi-autonomous *Länder*.

No financial or political reforms in Bizonia—even if they are widened to include the French Zone—have any hope of lasting success so long as Western Germany is treated as a special territory, set apart from its neighbours. With or without the Russian Zone, Germany cannot recover except as part of a Western Union. Equally, all plans for collaboration between the Sixteen Nations are futile so long as they exclude Germany or leave it on one side. The German problem is still *the* European problem.

It is for this reason that we are alarmed to observe that the French proposal for the recall of the Paris Conference has been coolly received by the Foreign Office. It would be an irony of history if Mr. Bevin, whose initiative transformed the Harvard Speech into the Marshall Plan, were now to recoil from the consequences of his action and to permit British insularity to be the cause of its collapse. Yet unless the Sixteen Nations, headed by France and Britain, formulate plans immediately for the integration of their own economics with that of Western Germany, the Marshall Plan has no hope of success and French democracy small chance of survival. In that case Western Germany would fall under exclusive American control.

It is tempting to avoid action by proffering the excuse that the uncertainties of Congress preclude a British initiative: history is settled in Washington. But the truth is very different. What happens in Washington will be largely decided by events in London and Paris. If we falter and tumble, Mr. Taft's case for demolishing the Marshall Plan will be proved. If we show a will to fashion our destiny and to defeat the Communist offensive by creating the economic basis for a revival of Western Social Democracy, then not only will America be more ready to help us, but Russia, faced with the *fait accompli* of our renewed strength, may come to terms.

The President's Message

The Message on the "State of the Union" which President Truman delivered to Congress on Wednesday contained a programme which stands little chance of acceptance by the Republican majority, and is clearly designed as the framework for the Democratic platform in this year's Presidential election. So far as domestic issues are concerned, Mr. Truman was evidently out to rally the forces of the New Deal, scattered since Roosevelt's death. Taxation on rising corporate taxes must be increased in order to permit modest income-tax concessions to individuals; the legal minimum wage must be raised from 40 to 75 cents an hour; there must be a large-range programme of federal housing; unemployment